



Thy Slaves are broken, Africa, be free!

Monrovia West Indies

THE
NEGRO'S FRIEND,

OR,

**THE SHEFFIELD ANTI-SLAVERY
ALBUM.**

“ And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us.”—GENESIS, xlii. 21.

SHEFFIELD:

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FRONTISPIECE.

THE reader will not fail to discover, that the frontispiece to this volume is emblematical of a state of *freedom* among the negroes in the West India islands. It is the production of two of the first artists among the designers and engravers of the present day, and certainly does neither of them any discredit. Christianity is clearly shewn to be both the foundation and the superstructure of the important change. The sun is arisen, and is breaking forth in splendour over the Christian church, (which is founded on a rock,) dispersing the clouds of night, and illuminating, with his new-born light, the benighted land. A beacon crowns the summit of the highest mountain. A happy family of freed negroes occupy the foreground. The husband and father, on his knee, is fervently pressing the sacred volume to his lips. The devout and thankfully expressive countenance of the wife and mother, is too admirably depicted, to be either overlooked or mistaken by any one, as she is occupied in those two most delightful of maternal duties, suckling her infant, and teaching her child to pray to God. The shackles, the whip, and the hoe, those emblems of slavery, lie broken and scattered on the ground; while the plough, the sickle, and the flail, emblematical of improved and free labour, are conspicuously displayed. The group are shaded and protected by the branches of an aged English oak, which, at the same time, embraces and supports a declining West India palm. A noble vessel, leaving the port, shews that extended commerce has been the result of the change from slavery to freedom.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS Volume is edited by two Members of the Sheffield Anti-Slavery Committee, and, though the general purpose of the publication is to expose the unlawfulness and enormities of Slavery itself, and thereby excite the friends of justice and humanity to promote, by all constitutional means, its early and total abolition,—the profits, if any, are to be specially devoted to the objects of a *Society in London for the Relief of Distressed Negroes in Antigua*.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be among individuals respecting the abolition of slavery, there will, we apprehend, be scarcely any on the latter subject.

It is an incontrovertible fact, that many of the slaves in the West India islands, who, from age, disease, or both, become incapable of earning their maintenance, are deserted by their owners, and left either to provide for themselves, or to perish for want. The shocking nature and number of such cases, occurring in the island of Antigua, so struck some humane residents, as to have given birth, through their means, to the establishment in London, in the year 1812, (principally among the Society of Friends,) of an association for the relief of such cases in that island. The following is an extract from their Fourth Report:—

This association, first instituted in the year 1812, has been the means of relieving more complicated distress than perhaps could be found among the same number of individuals in any other spot upon the globe, except the West India islands. There, notwithstanding their boasted meliorating acts and pretended register bills, the poor slaves are left almost entirely to the caprice of their owners: they may be cheated, abused, and murdered with impunity, provided the perpetrators take care that none but slaves are

spectators, as their evidence cannot be taken against a white man. Some of the acts of assemblies, in favour of the slaves, have never been put in force in one single instance; and many, if not all of them, are so deplorably deficient in the provision for rendering them effectual, that any one acquainted with West India management, must be weak, indeed, if he can suppose that they were ever intended to be put in execution; indeed, some in authority in the islands have frankly owned, that several of these laws were only made to throw dust in the eyes of the good people of England.

The following are a few of the many cases which are annually published in the Reports of the Society:—

A letter from a humane person on the island of Antigua, written in the year 1807, thus states the condition of the slaves in that island:—"In this country, it is a frequent case for the owners of negroes to desert them in times of sickness, and especially if the complaint seems likely to be of long continuance. A species of scurvy, or contamination of the system, frequently breaks out upon these unhappy creatures, many of whom suffer from it under all the horrid forms of disease that can be imagined, and so truly dreadful, as to make them fearful objects to look upon: they may thus linger many years a burden to themselves, and very obnoxious to society. Frequently, they are turned out by their owners in this case, to shift for themselves, under the idea of giving them freedom; and although we have a law to prevent this cruel desertion to negroes, yet it is still too frequent. A case I have recently visited was truly distressing, where the poor wretch was perishing, and only dependant on the assistance of a poor relative, who was himself a picture of wretchedness and poverty: the state in which I found him will not bear description: he departed a few hours after, in, what I may justly call, the extreme of human woe. My attentions came too late, and we were obliged to apply to the coroner to remove his remains, lest they should be an offence to the neighbourhood."

A letter, written in the year 1803, contains, among others, the following case:—"Being out on business at a remote part of the town, I heard, in an adjoining yard, some cries, which I conceived proceeded from some poor creature who was being tied up to be

flogged; I rode up, and was struck with horror at the sight of the object before me;—almost naked, exposed to the burning sun, lay a poor wretch, who appeared half consumed with the horrid disease I have before spoken of; she held up, with most piercing entreaty, her mutilated hands: enlarged by the putrid and distorting operation of the malady, they exhibited rather the irregular appearance of fungus than a human hand: the fingers were eaten off near the hand, and what was left, as well as the hand and arm, was full of holes; and at any motion of the wretched stumps, crowds of flies hovered round her, impatient to settle and renew their work of misery. Her legs and feet were as bad as her hands: the whole body appeared to be literally full of sores. I asked her who she belonged to; and found it was to a lady living in the town, who had long since discarded her on account of her complaint: she said she had been four days without food, the woman who had attended her having left her. This, I found, was one almost as bad as herself, but still able to crawl about: they had lived some time together, till the increasing sickness of this poor thing, added to an almost frantic impatience, from the extreme agonies of her situation, had worn out the patience of the other, herself almost sinking under her distresses. I sought out the latter, and persuaded her to attend her companion. I sent immediate relief: they lodge on some logs of wood, without bed, or scarce any thing to cover their nakedness. In three days after she was discovered, the first of these wretched objects was released from her miseries by death; and in a month, the second obtained a like release.”

We will give one more instance, from an account received in 1812, of the effects of this dreadful disease, and of the cruel neglect of the owner of the diseased negro, who is described as “the most miserable object that can be conceived; no hands, no feet, no eyes; has scarcely the power of articulation left; is an aged man, and has no relation or friend to assist him: a small piece of land was given him by his owner, as a support for his wretched life; but being incapacitated, by his calamitous situation, from cultivating it, it has been of no service to him.” Indeed, such an offer from his owner, was only insulting his distress. Such are the facts, in an island

where a fine of £300 is incurred upon conviction of such neglect or desertion: but prosecution must precede conviction, and no one could commence such a prosecution without raising to himself a host of enemies. To a Briton, conduct that manifests a disposition so insensible to the common feelings of humanity, may appear strange; but, from the following extracts, he may discover to what extent these feelings operate in the breast of a West Indian.

“A lady, possessing property in the island, by untoward circumstances being much reduced, instead of feeding her negroes, allows them half their time to procure what they can for their own support; but they are so situated, that they are very little bettered by it, and nearly all of them are half starved, especially the children, of whom there are several, whose practice it has been to wander about the country in search of wild fruits, &c., to satisfy the cravings of nature. Lately, we heard that the housekeeper had sent a message to her mistress, to say, that the poultry and children had nothing to eat; when money was sent to procure food for the fowls, but the children were ordered to be sent to their mothers. Knowing the condition in which the children were, we advanced a dollar to buy them corn-meal to satisfy their hunger for a few days.”

Haycock had become a most pitiable object by the consequences of the black scurvy: his face was terribly bloated and disfigured; his limbs excoriated and putrifying; and his extremities, enveloped in filthy rags, rendered him a most disgusting spectacle; added to which, the disagreeable tone of his voice, a thing very common in this disease, made it no small trial to speak to or behold him. His brother is in the same miserable condition, but may yet hold out a year or two. They were totally without shelter, till within a few days of the death of the former, when his mistress had him home, and permitted him to hide his head and breathe his last in an old ruined privy.

Anthony Weston has been bed-ridden for nearly ten years; has lost one leg, and is afflicted with the black scurvy: he had been occasionally relieved from the fund. On being visited lately, he was found in very distressed circumstances: the aid and support

which he used to receive formerly from a friend or two, has entirely ceased. Allowed 1s. 1½d. per week for the present.

One of the visitors saw in the street, a little boy, about eight or nine years old, who presented a wretched spectacle, being very far gone in the black scurvy, and, from the appearance of his face and limbs, it does not seem likely that he can live long. He stated that he had a brother three or four years older than himself, in the same condition, which, on investigation, the visitors found to be the case, and that they were wholly depending on casual relief, as their owner, being a pauper on the parish, could not afford them any assistance. Their habitation is under a crane shed on the wharf. They are allowed 2s. 3d. per week between them from the fund.

William Drew, a free negro, 87 years old, had been a hard labouring man as a blacksmith, now quite helpless. His wife, an elderly sickly woman, endeavoured to maintain them both by her labour, notwithstanding they are sometimes several days without proper nourishment.—Agreed to allow him 2s. per week:

One case, somewhat out of the usual course of relief, will no doubt be pleasing to the subscribers to know of:—At a public sale of negroes, levied upon by the marshall for debt, there were some who were old and superannuated; and although it was needful, for the form of law, to sell them, yet such kind consideration was shewn to them from persons attending it, that they were allowed to be sold for their own benefit, or, in other words, a friend was suffered to purchase them for a mere trifle. There was one very old man, who had no one to bid for him, and he candidly told the marshall, that “his working days, he thought, were over now,” but that his sons would maintain him, though they could not afford to buy him. One of our correspondents being present, thought he should be justified in purchasing him out of our funds, in order to give him his liberty: and he sent him home to his wife and family with a cheerful heart. Soon after the sale, a person, who said he would answer to get some work out of him yet, offered a considerable advance on the sale price for him, when he was informed, that he was purchased for no other purpose but that he might end his days in peace and rest.

Grace Dow, whose owner was deceased, being afflicted with a scorbutic disease, was several times relieved ; when one of her owner's family bearing of it, took her under his care, which we, with pleasure, announce, as an additional proof of the benefit of our institution.

A boy was found running the whole day quite wild in the bushes. His father, a white man, is dead : his mother, a free negro, insane : he is placed under the care of a mulatto family, at 3s. per week, for which he is to be maintained and taught to read.

William Frye. His owner resides in Dominica, but being lame in hands and feet, is not asked for by him, nor receives any support from him. He has no friend here, and is quite destitute and helpless. Is allowed 2s. per week.

Sarah Coates. Diseased with scurvy ; lost her fingers and toes. She is the property of an afflicted young lady, an orphan, who has it not in her power to support her slave. Allowed 1s. 6d. per week.

These, being only a very few, out of a great number reported, in *one small island*, will serve to furnish some idea of the dreadful sufferings which are experienced among this description of slaves, in the numerous West India islands collectively.



ZANGARA,

OR THE

NEGRO SLAVE.

"AM NOT I A MAN AND A BROTHER?"

My name is Zangara: I was born, as I have since learnt, in Africa, in a small village called Tamata, being situated a considerable way up a narrow valley, down which ran a stream into a very large river at the bottom. This river, I have now

reason to believe, is the Niger. The little valley was well wooded, both with underwood and large trees. As to the particular situation of Tamata, I know nothing further, than that the sun at noon was always very nearly over our heads, so that we had little shadow; and that it was, in one direction, about twenty days' journey from the sea. There were not more than thirty houses in the village; my father's was the largest, having four rooms. He was considered as the head man, though I cannot remember that he had any particular title, but he was always referred to in any dispute. My father had a pretty large piece of ground, (I should think full an acre,) enclosed, which was cultivated. My mother was lame, and, as I was her only child, she was very fond of me, making, indeed, too much a pet of me. This, I rather think, made me a little too full of myself, for, I can remember, that even then, I must be at the head of my play-fellows. I was, however, tolerably expert at any exercise that I engaged in. Being near so large a river, the climate so warm, and all of us going quite naked, we were almost as much in the water as on land. I cannot at all recollect learning to swim; it seems to me that I could always swim, and I learnt to dive by practice, so that I could remain a very long time together under water. This constant exercise seemed to strengthen me very much, and I scarcely then

knew what fear was. I never liked working in the field, but was never tired of hunting or fishing, in which I was very skilful, as well as at making spears, fishing-tackle, boats, and all sorts of utensils. Before I was ten years old, I had made, by myself, a fishing-boat that would hold three of us very well.

There could not, I think, exist on earth a happier society than ours then was. We all lived harmoniously together, having no disputes, that I ever heard of, but what my father could adjust. We were entirely to ourselves: what we had to dispose of, (which consisted chiefly of elephants' teeth, the skins of wild beasts, and some little gold dust,) was taken twice a-year, by the men, to a place distant three days' journey; and such things as we wanted were brought back by them. They were generally absent about seven days. Their return was hailed with delight by the whole village: we generally sat up the whole of the night when we thought it probable that they might come back. The rapture with which both old and young crowded about them, is inconceivable; while their own delight on again getting home, and exhibiting their precious purchases to their welcoming friends, was little less. Nothing earthly certainly could exceed in loveliness such a scene as our valley exhibited, when their return happened to be in the night, near the full of the moon.

One such occasion I can never forget. The African moon, on recollection, appears greatly superior to any I have since seen. The night, with a full moon, is almost as light as the day; and the night air is exceedingly pure and delightful. The jug, jug, was singing on all sides of us. We had made garlands of flowers, with which the girls danced. We boys had our spear and club dance, while the older people sung and played on the tom, tom, and other instruments. Our fathers heard us at a distance, and answered our singing by a correspondent song. As soon as we heard them, the rapturous shout that was uttered by every one present, can only be conceived by those who heard it. We soon met, and returned altogether up the banks of the little glittering stream, the happiest party, I will venture to say, on the face of this earth. When we arrived at the village, my father ordered all to deposit their burdens, and assemble in silence. He then returned thanks to the Gracious Spirit for their success and safe return; after which, we all seated ourselves to the meal which had been prepared. This being ended, the examination and admiration of the valuable cargo which our fathers had brought home, employed and delighted us till day-light.

I am persuaded, that it is impossible for those who have lived all their lifetime in society, such as exists among white men, to conceive the pure and

almost unalloyed happiness which is to be found among negroes, situated as we then were. Sickness was almost unknown among us: we had few wants, and those easily provided for, or rather the providing for them was itself an amusement. The aged enjoyed their rest, and the younger their play. In all exercises I excelled, whether they required strength or agility, or both. I was, therefore, generally looked up to as a leader. I was the best climber, the best runner, the best swimmer, the best wrestler, the best fisher, and the best hunter.

Our valley was but little infected with savage beasts. For many years none had been suffered to rest near it: now and then a straggler would find his way to it, and do some mischief, but he was soon either destroyed or driven away. On my excursions with our people, twice a-year, about six days' journey towards where the sun rises, in search of elephants' teeth and gold dust, I had opportunities of seeing many of the savage animals, and becoming acquainted with their habits; indeed, we generally brought home a few skins of such as we had killed. I think that I was not more than fourteen years old when one of these wild creatures found his way to our valley, and on two successive evenings, succeeded each time, in carrying off a child,—the children straying fearlessly any where by themselves. I was always very fond of children; and one of these, Natee, a girl about five years of

age, was a great favourite with me. During two days we sought the savage, but without success; I, however, thought I could discover him. After the family were in bed, having stole out, I climbed into a high plantain, where, in the course of two or three hours, I heard a rustling among the bushes, and soon saw the huge brute pass near, with a pretty large animal of some kind in his mouth. I could distinctly enough see the place in which he stopped. I was now determined, if I could, to revenge the death of my favourite little Natee, as well as to prove to the village my courage and prowess.

Accordingly, I returned home, and early in the morning, armed myself with a long knife, which my father brought me on returning from their last trading excursion,—a treasure with which I was most highly delighted. This, and my short spear, were all my arms. I went alone, resolved to share neither the danger nor the glory. I did not, however, soon succeed in finding the savage, and began to think that I must return unsuccessful; when, in a thick covert, not ten yards from me, I caught the rays of two glaring eyes. I immediately stopped, and grasped my knife in my right hand, and my spear in my left. I soon saw that it was an immense tiger. He eyed me a few moments as he lay, and then crouching, crept to the nearer side of the covert. He slowly raised himself upon his

legs; his tail was in quick motion; he fixed his eyes steadily upon me, and I fixed mine as steadily on his. I knew his ways, and had taken my resolution. I advanced within five yards of him, and then stopped. He instantly made his spring—I threw myself on my back, and plunged the knife into his bowels as he leaped over me. I instantly sprung upon my feet, and taking my spear in my right hand, hasted towards him before he could recover himself. From the wound, and missing his aim, he had fallen, and as he rose with his mouth open, I plunged the spear down his throat. He now rolled over, struggled a few moments, and died.

When I stood and surveyed the enormous, yet beautiful beast, as he lay extended before me, though my heart exulted, I could scarcely help shuddering. He was by far the largest animal of the kind I had ever seen: indeed he was declared to be a most noble tiger by all our neighbours. We flayed him; and my father was so pleased, that he declared the skin should never go out of the family. Alas, how short-sighted is man! I now rose very high in the estimation of all my companions, and, I am afraid, too much in my own.

It was, I think, about two years after this, that as I was one day strolling along the banks of the Niger, when the river was pretty high and rapid, with my small fishing net in my hand, I saw some

thing at a distance floating down the middle of the stream. As it came near, I saw that it was a small boat, in which was seated a young woman without either oar or paddle, so that she had no command over it, but drifted at the mercy of the water. She did not appear alarmed, but made signs for me to stop the boat. I was going instantly to throw myself into the river, without any thing but my little net to serve as a paddle, when I was struck with horror on beholding one of the largest kind of alligators swimming within ten yards of the little boat, which he could easily have dragged down under the water. I instantly seized my knife, which I had laid down with my other things, and rushing into the water, very soon overtook the frightful monster. The young woman had now discovered him, and screamed loudly for aid. While the alligator was only attentive to the boat, I contrived to throw myself across him, and scrambling forwards till I could reach his head, I plunged my knife first into one eye, and then into the other, in an instant. He immediately sunk. I called to the young woman to take hold of the net staff, and putting the net over my head, swam to the shore with all my strength and speed. We reached the bank in safety, where a considerable number of my companions, attracted by the screams, were assembled. They afterwards killed the alligator. The young woman, whose name was Qua-

hama, had been brought down the river nearly half a day's journey, having heedlessly put the boat off the shore, and then lost her paddle. She went with me to my father's, who sent a messenger to inform her friends where she was. They came for her the next day, and I attended them back. Their village was on the other side of the river, and much larger than ours. Her parents were so thankful, that they would not let me leave them till the end of several days, and then compelled me to take, as a present to my father, a considerable quantity of gold dust.

I had hitherto thought little or nothing of love ; I, however, now could think of nothing else. Quahama certainly appeared in my eyes the loveliest creature that I had ever beheld. I could neither think nor dream of any thing else ; I, therefore, at length requested my mother to ask my father's consent. She told me that he intended another for my wife, but she acknowledged that they both thought highly of Quahama. To be brief, my father's consent, and that of Quahama, and her parents, was at length obtained. I was then turned of sixteen : Quahama more than a year younger. I had, however, before we could be married, a home to build ; but this was not a long business, for it had always been the custom in our village on such occasions, for every man who was able, to assist. I had, therefore, in the course of eight days, a very good house

of two rooms. Quahama's father was a topping man in the village. My father gave a handsome dowry for her, and they both together contributed to make her the smartest bride that ever came to Tamata.

During the first six years of our marriage, I do believe the world did not contain a happier couple. If ever woman was without fault, that woman was Quahama. We had during that period three children; the two oldest, girls; the youngest, then in the arms, a boy. I have since learned that happiness is not the lot of man upon earth. I, therefore, now do not wonder that, after enjoying so much of it in early life, I have since experienced a proportionate degree of misery. Nor do I now repine, for those sufferings of the body have been the means of teaching me that they are good for my soul, and that they are the dispensations of a merciful God. But to proceed with my narrative.

I had now been admitted to accompany the men on several of their trading expeditions; and on the last of the kind, we were induced to extend it full four days' journey beyond what had before ever been taken, being told, that if we did so, we should be able to trade to much greater advantage, as we should then reach the place to which the *white men* came. This I much liked, for I had heard talk something about *white men*, but considered it only as a fable. Now, however, I learned, not only that

there were such, but that I should see them. My spirits were highly elevated upon the occasion, as I had a strong propensity for novelty. We at length arrived at the station where we found a very large number of negroes assembled, and were conducted by them to a great building belonging to the white men. I cannot describe my feelings at the first view of these strangers. I found the white men very different from what I had anticipated, being so covered with clothing, excepting their hands and their faces, that there was no knowing whether they were black or white. They had a great many things to dispose of, such as I had never seen; the use of numbers of them I could not comprehend. A negro, who could speak both their language and ours, told them who we were, and bargained for us with them. It was now that I first saw a *gun*, heard its report, and witnessed its effects. I was indeed truly astonished. A watch, and a looking-glass, greatly excited my wonder. They were, however, things of too much value for our purchasing. The usual necessities and trifling ornaments we certainly got much cheaper than formerly.

My ideas of the *powers* of the white men were, that they were superhuman; of their humanity I did not think so highly, when I had witnessed a great number of the most wretched negroes that my eyes ever beheld; indeed, I had never seen wretched ones before. They were fastened toge-

ther, and appeared so miserable and wearied, that I shuddered to look at them. My father told me, (for they did not speak our language,) that they were *slaves*, (this was the first time that I had ever heard of such beings,) bought by the white men, to take to their own country to work for them, and that they were brought by those who had them to sell, from a great distance. My father said, that though we had got our goods cheaper, he wished that we had never come. He was sure, he said, that no good would arise of having any thing to do with white men. They had been very inquisitive about the place that we came from, and other things which aroused *his* suspicions. Youth is not often suspicious, and I had dreamt of no evil.

My father's spirits, after this journey, forsook him; he had learned so much respecting the conduct of the white men, that he could not rest. He induced us all to habituate ourselves to act together in self-defence. He said that we might soon have occasion to do so in earnest. I could not see the necessity, but I was no way indisposed to the preparation. I could use the spear, the knife, and the club, as dexterously and effectually as any one.

It was about three moons after our trading expedition, that, on a fine moonlight night, when, with my wife and my three children, I was fast asleep, I was awakened by a dreadful noise, which I knew at once was caused by the guns of the white men, for

I had never heard any other noise at all like it. This was accompanied by continued shouting and screaming. I instantly jumped up, seized my spear and my knife, and, telling Quahama to attend to the little ones, I rushed out of the house. The uproar and confusion were horrible, but I had no time to attend to small matters. Half the village was in flames! The roaring and flashing of the guns, with the shouts of the men, and the screams of the women, were truly appalling. I turned towards my father's house; two ruffian white men were dragging him, bleeding, away. I rushed upon them, and (I believe,) I slew them both; but, in the instant, I heard the screams of my wife and children; I turned round, and saw two others of the white demons hurrying her with them. She had the infant in her arms, the two girls were endeavouring to get to her. I did not hesitate a moment, but springing upon them, aimed a blow at one with my knife, which must, (had it taken effect,) have ended his wickedness; but he parried the stroke with his arm, and the infant received it. The scream of my wife still rings in my ears.

Rendered desperate by something like madness, I threw my spear away, and closing with the wretch, heaved him from off his legs, and dashed him to the earth. His sword flew out of his hand; I seized it, and rushing with fury upon the other, I plunged it into his body. I was now, however, seized from

behind, and completely overpowered. The tumult began to subside. The whole village appeared to be in flames. It was as light as the day. The firing of guns, with the shouting, had ceased, but the screaming of the women and children in part continued.

All began now to assemble together. The negro men were fastened two and two. Many of them were severely wounded. The wives and children of those who had any, clung to them. Quahama, with my eldest daughter, Mene, soon found me out. The savages had thrown the infant into the stream ;—the younger girl had been trampled to death in the scuffle when I was taken. My father, I believed, had been killed, and my mother had perished in the flames, being unable to leave the house.

The white kidnappers divided us into three parties, marching them off separately, in different directions. There were at first in our party twenty-four prisoners, men, women, and children. I had received no hurt, so that I was enabled to carry the terrified Mene without much difficulty. Quahama uttered no complaint ; on the contrary, she was ready to extend assistance to several who needed it. The kidnappers had brought a number of camels, eight of which we had with us. These carried most of the white men, some of the spoil of the village, and a few of the children, with the badly wounded men and women.

In seven days we reached the place where we had met the white traders, who, I had no doubt, were the cause of our captivity. We stayed at this station two days to rest, and to make some arrangements for the remainder of the journey. Several of our people were now scarcely able to crawl along: one of the wounded men had died. Poor Quahama was very foot-sore, and almost exhausted. I endeavoured to comfort her as much as I could, though my own spirits began to fail me. During the first days I meditated nothing but escape and revenge; but, by degrees, all hope forsook me, and I became gradually languid, the food which we were allowed being scarcely sufficient to sustain nature, and I contrived to let Quahama and Mene have the most of mine without their knowing it. I understood that we had still a very long way to march, and what was to become of us at the end I could by no means understand.

It would be useless to describe the sufferings which we endured during twenty days' more travelling, with the exception of two other days on which we rested. Four more of our people died. Quahama became so weak, so ill, and so lame, that if she had not been placed upon one of the camels, she must have died too. For myself, I could still manage to walk. I thought that the head white man let me have more food than any of the rest, nor did I get beaten so much as others. The first, I

have since learned, arose from being considered the stoutest, and therefore the most valuable captive; the latter, from my strength enabling me to walk better than the rest. My companion, to whom I was coupled, being much weaker than myself, was so beaten that his back was quite raw.

At length those of us who were still alive, arrived at the end of our journey. My companion died two days afterwards. Now it was that I first saw anything like European houses and customs, and, what was more surprising to me, a large ship and the sea. My spirits, however, being well nigh broken, I beheld all these wonders with comparative apathy. The present and future sufferings of my wife and child, as well as my own, engrossed almost the whole of my thoughts and attention. We were put here into a large building, till many other slaves were brought in. The language of some I could partly understand; of others not at all. We were taken out occasionally in parties for air and exercise, and by degrees I recovered my strength considerably. My poor wife seemed scarcely alive, and yet she uttered no complaints. Mene was her constant care. As we were not now always shackled, I should certainly have attempted revenge and escape, if it had not been for my wife and my child; as it was, I determined to share, and, if possible, soften their sufferings.

There were now several hundred poor wretches

like ourselves assembled, all equally ignorant of the fate which awaited them, but all well assured that it must be misery. The negro, however, seldom complains, and almost all of us brooded over past happiness and coming affliction. We none of us knew either much of God or religion; but we were all convinced, that after death we should be happy with our friends in regions of bliss in our own country.

At length the time came that we were taken out in parties. I was one among the first called. We were taken to the sea side, and into that most wonderful thing, the large ship. How much should I have once examined and admired such an astonishing thing, but I was then so bewildered with strange feelings that I could attend to nothing. We were taken down some steps, and made to creep into a large low place between two floors, so near together that I could not by any means sit upright. More and more of the poor trembling wretched negroes were brought and crowded in, till we had only just room to lie in rows close to each other. The place was almost dark, and soon became so hot and close that we could scarcely breathe. When our floor was full, we heard them bringing others to lie in the same way on the floor above us. Sighs and groans were all that were uttered among us, but from above we soon heard the appalling shrieks and cries of women and chil-

dren. Though I was almost suffocated, I now felt the most for my poor wife and child, whom, I had no doubt, were among the sufferers above. It seemed to me impossible for any human being to exist for a day in such a situation. The stench soon became intolerable, and I could only conceive that we were all put in there to die. The horrid screams above even increased. It was evident they were still storing more.

At length we heard a very loud talking and shouting of the white men above our heads, and the ship began to heave about in a strange way, so that I was pretty sure that it was moving along. After a while it became quite dark, and the motion of the ship was much more violent. This, with the suffocating stench, made most of us very sick. I fully expected that I was dying; indeed, it now seems wonderful to me that any of us could survive that dreadful night. Most of us, however, did survive it; four were found to be dead, when in the morning, the white men came to examine and bring us something to eat. They were taken away, and we heard them thrown into the sea. For my part, I was so nearly dead that I could eat nothing. After a while a few of us were taken at a time up the steps to the top floor, in the open air.

I can never forget the sensation which I experienced on again viewing the sky and breathing the fresh air. We could see no land: nothing but

water all around us, the waves tossing themselves and the ship in a strange manner. All about and above me seemed wonderful : but I was still sick, and was soon driven again with the rest, to experience once more the dreadful horrors of the preceding night. I would have given my life to know what had become of poor Quahama and Mene. It seemed impossible that, if their sufferings had been anything like mine, they could have survived : indeed, we had in the morning heard so many splashings in the sea, that I could have no doubt of there being many dead besides the four taken out of our chamber.

To describe our dreadful sufferings from day to day, through more of them than I can at all number, is as unnecessary as impossible : they can be but imagined. Our attendant every morning found some one or more of the sufferers, who, by death, escaped from their tormentors ; and we began, by degrees, to have room enough to turn ourselves about ; our bones, from our getting so thin, and lying so long on the bare boards, being ready to start through the skin ; indeed, in many instances they did so. To add to those sufferings, dreadful as they were, the weather now became so intensely hot, that it was at all times unbearable, there not being a breath of air to move the ship, which remained still. This killed many, and brought on a complaint, which produced blindness, both among

the white men and the negroes. When the latter became quite blind, they were taken away, and we saw them no more: I have no doubt they were thrown alive into the sea.

There were not now half of us left. After about seven or eight of these hot days, the wind all at once began to roar, and the ship to toss in the most violent manner: we were rolled about in all directions, like empty barrels. After a while, by laying hold of each others' hands, we contrived to keep steadier. The second morning of the storm, I thought that the hand which I had hold of was very cold, and soon found that the owner of it was dead. We would often hear the screams of the women, mixed with the uproar made by the white men; and my heart sickened, though I could scarcely doubt but that both Quahama and Mene were both long since dead. The storm continued very long, and was so bad at times, while the water broke in upon us, that we expected to be drowned.

At length, during the night, a most terrible crash and shock threw us all at once on a heap together at one end of the room. The most dreadful uproar ensued. We could hear the waters rushing in from some quarter. All seemed confusion; the women and children screaming violently. Nobody came near us for many hours. All was bustle and confusion. The ship was tossed about violently. Several of our negroes were dead, but no man

came to take them away. It was the second morning before any white man appeared to bring us any thing to eat, and then but little. During the day, the storm and the bustle began to abate; the dead and the blind, two of the former, and four of the latter, were taken away. We were told that we must not have so much to eat and drink as heretofore, as they had thrown most of the casks into the sea. We had, indeed, after this, so little allowed, that we were almost famished, and dying of thirst. More of us daily became blind; at length, when there were not above ten of us left, we were told that we were near the end of our voyage. I then felt quite indifferent about it; a kind of stupor had seized me, and I became almost regardless of every thing. My eyes were only a little affected; but I had perceived, when taken above, that there were not above eight or ten of the white men that could see at all. As to the hundreds of blind negroes, we saw no more of them, excepting a few that became blind during the four or five last days.

At last, we got to the end of our voyage; the vessel stopped, and in a few hours we were all taken above, and from the ship to the land. We were then fastened together, being in all only six that could see, and marched into a large town, the houses in which were very high and grand. While I could see the ship, I kept looking back, and perceived both women and children, but could not tell

who they were. I walked the first, and as I went on, a fine dressed white man took hold of me, and stopped us. He spoke for a long time to the white man with the whip, who at last came and loosed me from the rest. I then understood that I was to go with the smart white man. I felt glad of it, as he looked less ill-natured than any of the other white men whom I had seen. While he was looking at me, feeling me, and making me walk about, I saw a white man with a whip coming on with the women and children, not more than ten of each. My heart jumped against my side, and I could hardly stand. My new master (for such he was) turned and went to look at them: I, trembling, did the same. I could see neither Quahama nor Mene. My heart died within me. I was turning away, when I heard my name called—it was by a poor emaciated creature. She called again—I knew her voice—it was Quahama! The child was with her. I flew to them—I hung about them—I cried like an infant. This attracted the notice of my new master. He did not appear at all moved, but he had my wife and child loosed and brought to him; he examined them very carefully: I fell upon my knees to him, to beg of him, as well as I could, to buy them. He understood me, but seemed to take no notice, and continued his examinations. He then talked with the driver, and, in the end, he brought them to me. We all fell on our knees to him, to

thank him, with our words and tears, but he seemed to understand neither. He called to a white man with a whip, who gave us to understand that we were to go with him. I took Mene in my arms, kissing the dear altered child with all a father's affection. Poor Quahama, whom I could still scarcely know again, pressed us to her fluttering heart, till a slight touch of the whip reminded us that we were to obey. I do not know whether it was happiness or not; but though I continued to weep, as did Quahama, I would not have changed feelings or places with the white man himself.

The whole of our past adventures and sufferings seemed like a dream, so different had they been from anything that we could have, waking, conceived. After stopping to have food given us, which tasted delicious, we were marched into the country for about two hours, when we came to a number of small houses, into one of which we were put. We had food given us, and were then left to ourselves.

The report which my wife had to give me of her sufferings was very similar to my own; but it did not seem that the effects were so fatal to the women as to the men. We could not tell what was next to befall us, though we understood that we were to labour in the grounds. Poor little Mene was not so exhausted as we were. The next morning we all felt much revived, and little Mene began to play

about at the door. We saw many parties of negroes at work at a distance, and we concluded that we were to do the same. In a little while, the man who brought us our food, came and made signs for me to go with him. Poor Quahama trembled exceedingly; I tried to give her hopes which I did not feel myself. I was taken to a building at a distance in which was a fire: two men who were there laid hold of me, and held my arms back. Reduced as I was, I felt that I could have overpowered them; but, on my wife's account, I thought it better to make no resistance, though, when the men who brought me took a red-hot instrument from the fire and put it to my breast, I expected that I was to be murdered. The operation pained me exceedingly, but I uttered no cry; a deep mark of the shape of the instrument was left upon my breast; to this the man applied something, for what purpose I could not tell. When this was done, I was taken back, and my wife taken to the same place. During her absence I felt more misery than during my own. When she returned, I found that she had been burned in the same way, but on the left shoulder. The child was not taken at that time, being probably thought too young.

The next morning, the man with the large whip came and took me with him, leaving Quahama and Mene behind. We found several parties, a man with a whip to each, digging the earth. I had one

of the digging instruments given to me, and was put to one of the parties, who were all men, to work with them in a row. I had never been used to dig in that way before, besides which, my breast was very stiff and sore, I therefore felt rather awkward, I contrived, however, to keep up with the others, who certainly did not work very hard. The driver, I thought, seemed pleased with me, and never struck me, as he frequently did the others, with his whip. They certainly did not seem disposed to do any more than they could help: in fact, if I had been well, and used to the work, I could, if left to myself, have then done as much as four of them did without at all fatiguing myself, provided that I had been well fed. And this I always found afterwards to be the case. It was the heat that I found the hardest to bear.

My wife continued so weak, that she could scarcely walk; it was therefore three or four days before she was set to work. When she was, I thought at night that she would have died, though she only worked half the day. The driver thinking her idle, or wishing to let her feel what she must expect if she was so, had cut her severely with the whip upon the right shoulder, her left being still very sore with the burning. She had never been used to any work of the kind, and was both weak and frightened. It was a long time before she could bear to work the whole day. We did

not work less than fourteen hours in the day, and part of the year, in crop time, I had to be up three nights in the week. One day in seven we did not work in the fields, but every man had a small piece of land for himself, on which to grow what he liked for his food. I had a piece given me; and these we dug on the seventh day, or Sunday. On that day too, those who had any thing to spare, took it, as we did at Tamata, to exchange for something else with other negroes, who met them at a place called the market, about a quarter of a day's journey off. And some of them used to dance and sing. I could not do either, I was so very sad. I remembered my poor murdered father and mother and two children, with what Quahama and myself had suffered. When I saw how much she was altered, how little chance there was of her living long, and how miserable the rest of our lives must be; and when I reflected on what, in all probability, my poor little Mene had to suffer, I did not feel any disposition either to dance or sing, otherwise, I could have beat them all at either. If I could but have been allowed, any way, to have done my wife's work for her, besides my own, I should have been very glad, and I could have done it with ease, but we were forced to work all together.

I had often had opportunities of witnessing, as well as sometimes feeling, with what severity the driver exercises his power and his whip. It is not

always for faults, nor even in anger. Sometimes it is in mere wantonness, and, as it were, to exercise himself: sometimes I have seen him do it to shew his dexterity. If a fly happened to alight on the shoulders of one of the negroes, he would try to kill it with the end of the lash, and at the same time, probably, draw blood from the smarting sufferer, who dared not utter a word; for, if he did, he would, in all probability, have come off much worse. If one of the gang happened, from any cause, to lag behind the others, the lash was sure to help him forwards quickly; or, if the driver fancied that any of them did not strike the hoe deep enough, the driver, instead of speaking to him, would give him a smart cut on a particular part. Nay, if any one had given offence to the driver, he was sure to feel the effects of it from the whip, during the whole of the day.

I have often seen both men and women, when they have been too late in coming to work, to start with the rest, taken, by order of the driver, by four negroes, thrown down, and held by them, with their faces to the ground, while the driver has given them as many lashes as he chose on their naked bodies, often till the blood has flowed copiously. Nay, I have seen some of the older of the negroes with the parts so hardened by frequent whipping, as to be there almost without sense of feeling. All of them submit without any resistance, and, if re-

quired, would lay themselves down to be flogged without holding. These are every-day occurrences ; but when any more serious crime has been committed, such as theft, or running away, so that it is necessary to inform the overseer, the punishment is often dreadful ; nay, this is not unfrequently the case on false accusations. Many such cases I have known, when the innocent sufferer has been almost killed.

In one instance I was appointed, with several other of the stouter negroes, to attend a party of whites-to take or destroy a number of runaway negroes who had formed a considerable village in the mountains, many miles from our plantation. They had most of them been there a great many years without being heard of. It was towards evening before we came to the high mountains. I had never seen any like them ; they surprised me very much. The passes between some of the rocky ones were so narrow, that we could only go through them one at a time. I did not much like my employment, and had it not been for my wife and child, should have been ready to go over to the other side. As it was, I was forced to submit. I was pondering on these things as we marched along, when I was all at once startled by the report of four or five muskets almost close by us, followed by a shrill shout. Those who were before me, and had escaped the balls, quickly retreated back ; but before they reached me, another

discharge was heard, and another shout. We saw no one. Four of the whites and one negro were shot. We were forced to leave them to their fate, and make the best of our way to the nearest plantation.

From this place our leader sent back for others to assist us, being determined now, if possible, to extirpate the whole colony. The next day we were joined by about twenty more. We now got a guide who took us by a more open, but more distant road. We had nearly reached the mountain-settlement before we were discovered, but it was not long after that when several of our people dropped. The firing came from unseen foes, on all sides. We had nothing for it, but pushing on as fast as we could towards their settlement. Before we came in sight of it, I was surprised to see the land inclosed and highly cultivated. The village was beautifully situated, and well built. We now gave a shout, and hastened on, as the land about was pretty open and flat. The men who had been dispersed to oppose us, were now coming in, but too late. The women and children were trying to escape, but our balls brought most of them down. We rushed into the houses, all of which were quickly in flames. The men, who still opposed us, were soon destroyed; a few, however, escaped, with some of the women and children, into the woods.

We had now time to rest, refresh, and look about

us. It seemed a most delightful place. The original founders had now lived twelve years in peace, and they did not seem to have been idle during the time, for the ground was highly cultivated and productive, the crop on the ground being almost ready, and very abundant. This, however, after due rest, we had orders to destroy; so that we completely laid waste the whole establishment. We had brought a few dogs with us, so the next day was appointed for hunting the fugitives.

It is impossible for me to describe my feelings during all these transactions; but I was constrained to repress them. I took care to hurt no one, but I could do no good. The scene was dreadful, and only surpassed by the destruction of my native village. But, perhaps, the most horrid part was the next day's work, of hunting and shooting them in the woods, particularly the women and children, some of the latter in the arms; for our people were so exasperated at the resistance and loss which they had encountered, that they spared none. I was not of the party, being left with a few others to collect and bury the dead, of which we found more than thirty, and a very grievous business it was.

Having at length completed the destruction of the place and the people, we set out on our return, loaded with a good deal of spoil. We had not, however, proceeded far, before one of the dogs began to bark, and hasted up the hill to

the mouth of a small cavern. We stopped, assured that he had found something: presently there crawled out a poor old negro man, who fell on his knees, holding up his hands in supplication; I would have given my own life to have saved his; but it would have been in vain. One of our white men took deliberate aim, and the helpless old creature dropped. The party shouted, and marched off.

With an almost bleeding heart I lingered behind, and, when they wound out of sight, hasted back to the poor victim. He was not then dead—*It was my father!* It would be vain to attempt to describe our feelings, on the discovery of each other. My poor father appeared to be mortally wounded, the ball had broken his arm and penetrated his side. I stanchd the bleeding as well as I could, and assisted him into the cave again. He had made himself a bed, and I laid him upon it. It appeared that he and a few others had been so severely wounded, when our village was destroyed, that they could not be moved for two or three days. They were then mounted on camels, and taken to the ship; my father was, however, in a different part from what I was, and when he was landed, he was immediately taken to the hospital till fit to be sold. He had been bought by the owner of a neighbouring plantation to ours. He had only been about two moons with the negroes, in the mountains, with whom he had met accidentally.

He had been so reduced by his wounds, his journey, and his sufferings on board the ship, that he could scarcely crawl at all, and when he attempted to work, he could not possibly keep up with the others. The driver said that he was idle, and he was consequently flogged so often, and so severely, that he found his life such a burden, as that nothing could be worse. He therefore took the resolution to abscond. On the sixth-day-night, after dark, he left the plantation with such provisions as he had been able to save for the purpose. He had made his remarks on the aspect of the country, and travelled, as well as he could, in the direction of the mountains. He had been three days wandering about them before he discovered the village. Since he had been there, he had recovered much strength. Still, he was so much reduced, that I did not know him, till he called me by my name, and claimed me for his son. It was a melancholy meeting. It was impossible that I could remove him in his then state, and I determined not to leave him while he lived. I had provisions with me for several days, and during two nights and days, I watched and tended him. On the third morning he died. In the course of the day I dug his grave, and in the evening buried him.

I immediately set off on my return, for I was fully aware that poor Quahama must conclude that I was killed. I travelled all night, and in the morning, being much tired, was seated eating my

breakfast in the shade of some trees, when happening to raise my eyes, I saw three white men, about a hundred paces from me, with their guns pointed at me. I at once perceived my danger, and therefore did not offer to rise, but merely bowed my head, with my hands across my breast. They hesitated, and after looking carefully on all sides, they very slowly came towards me. I soon saw that they were come in search of me. They refused to listen to any thing that I could say, but securing my arms, marched me along as a prisoner.

When we got to the plantation I was taken before the overseer. It was in vain that I told the truth; the reward for taking a runaway negro was too tempting, and I was condemned on their united testimony against me, to receive three hundred lashes at three times, one hundred of them immediately. I was then taken to a large tree a little way from the overseer's house, and tied by a cord around my left wrist, to one of the lower branches, so that I could only touch the ground with my toes. In this position I received the first hundred lashes. I believe that I never cried out, though the infliction was as severe as could be bestowed, the executioner being one of my accusers. When I had endured about eighty lashes, I became senseless. Of what followed I knew nothing till I came to my recollection, and found myself in my own house, with the doctor standing by me, and Quahama and Mene weeping

and kissing me. The doctor had dressed my back, and soon left us.

I could only press, and that slightly, the hands of my dear wife and child. A dangerous fever, which lasted several weeks, was the consequence of the flogging. My back was laid open in many places to the bone, and a mortification was apprehended. Being a stout slave, my death would have been a great loss, so that I had more than usual attention paid to me. Poor Quahama wept very much on hearing of the sufferings of my poor father, though she could not but rejoice at his release from them.—Mene, meanwhile, improved very much, and became more and more like what her mother once was. She was now branded, and went out regularly to work.

It was more than a month before I was at all able to work. The rest of my punishment was, however, remitted. When I recovered my strength, I did not feel disposed to submit tamely to such manifest cruelty and injustice as I had experienced. I had heard, that a few miles off, there resided a *Fiscal*, to whom any negro who had suffered injustice might apply for redress. My case was so clear that I felt no doubt of receiving protection. I, therefore, as soon as I could walk so far, set off very early in the morning, and arrived at his house before he was up. On stating my business and case, he wrote something down, and sent the paper

out. I was then taken into a dark room, and was told to wait there till I was sent for; indeed, I was forced to do so, as there appeared no way of getting out. In the afternoon, I was called upon and taken before the Fiscal; my accusers were with him. He then read to them what I had told him, and asked them if it was true. They told him that it was all false, and made out a case still more against me than even their first. This they offered to attest on oath, but he did not seem to think that at all necessary. I offered to confirm my statement on oath, but he asked me if I thought the oath of a negro was to be attended to. He said that he found it was high time to put a stop to all such lying, complaining black villains, or he might soon have no time to attend to any thing else, and that he would take care that I had *justice* enough. He, therefore, made an order that I should receive (as it was found that I could bear them,) another hundred lashes for making a false charge. This, I felt assured, must be the death of me, and had it not been for my wife and child, I should have been glad of it. The punishment, however, they never thought proper to inflict. I conceive that they feared that it would either kill me or drive me away. The drivers, however, who were my accusers, took care from this time, not to spare the lash to either myself or wife.

It was, I think, not more than two years after

this, that my wife being big with child, and very weak, was absolutely unable to continue her work upon her legs, so that most of the day she was on her hands and knees. This fatigued her so much, that one morning she could not get out of bed in time to begin with the rest. When at length she had crawled there, the driver ordered her to be thrown and held down by the hands and feet, while he gave her twenty lashes on her bare body. This brought on premature labour. She was taken back, and was delivered of a dead child. When I was informed of it, and got to her, she seemed very near her end. Poor Mene was almost heart-broken; for myself, though agitated beyond measure, I could scarcely grieve. I saw that *her* pains and sorrows would soon be over. This was the case. We followed her corpse the next day to the grave.

My dear daughter was now my only remaining earthly comfort; and I had then no solid foundation on which to build any other. I had never named the name of Christ, nor ever heard of it, excepting once at the market, when a white man, whom I have since learned was a Christian missionary, was talking kindly to some of the negroes; but I afterwards understood that the planters compelled him to leave the country. I could not very well tell what he said, nor did I at all comprehend his meaning, though I repeatedly heard the name of *Jesus Christ* repeated by him. I often thought

of him afterwards, as he was the first white man who I had ever then heard speak with kindness to negroes.

Mene continued to grow still more like her poor mother; and was so attentive, and affectionate, and cheerful, that at times she made me almost forget my afflictions. She was now more than thirteen years of age; when, on returning one day from my work, I found her in the utmost distress. On inquiring into the cause, she told me that young massa had sent to tell her that she was to go to live with him, I was for a moment petrified with horror. We both too well knew what it meant, and too well knew the impossibility of any effective resistance. He was a debauched young man, and this was no uncommon occurrence. I did indeed now seem bereaved, and thought that my sorrows could not be aggravated. They, however, were so. In a little while, poor Mene became very ill and dejected. Her complaint continually increased: it was the consequence of the young man's villainy, and yet he seemed to care little about it. Mene said that she should soon go to her mother: and she said the truth, for I followed her to the grave in about six moons from her being first taken from me.

I had now nobody in the world to care for but myself. I felt in some degree comforted by the reflection. My fears were much lessened, and I was

not without hopes that I might not die in slavery. I began pretty fully to comprehend the relative nature and characters of the whites and the blacks. I saw clearly that one were the oppressors and the other the oppressed, without any inherent right to superiority in the one more than in the other. My strength by degrees in a great measure returned, and with it a proportionate degree of spirits. I had so well cultivated my little piece of land, that I had food enough. It may be supposed that I thirsted for revenge; but the fact is, and I have since been surprised at it, that I had no feelings of the kind. My thoughts were principally occupied in pondering on the subject of escape; at last I resolved to risk the experiment.

In the night preceding the market-day, or Sunday, as it was called, as my absence would not be then so much noticed, I took what provisions I thought necessary, and travelled, with all the despatch that I could, toward the sea-coast. I arrived there before night: I found it rocky, and surrounded with breakers, so that no boat could approach it with safety. When the tide was down, I could walk on the beach without danger of being observed; and I found a small natural cave, above high water mark, which was dry and secure. I felt assured, that I could remain here till my death, without being discovered. I, however, did not mean to try the experiment, only to await chances.

I had seen several turtles; so that I was not in danger of being soon in want of provisions.

I had been here about five days, without seeing a single vessel of any kind, excepting at a very great distance. I then, however, perceived one much nearer; she was sailing north-east, *i. e.* leaving the port. The wind, though not high, was directly against her; and, in tacking, she came much nearer the shore than she intended. I could plainly see the men on board. The little wind that there was died entirely away, and she lay like a helpless log upon the water. I at once made up my mind to attempt reaching her, and taking my chance of the consequence. I was not afraid of being drowned, as I could have remained a whole day upon the water. There was some difficulty in getting clear of the breakers; but I soon overcame it. I swam till I came near enough to be heard, without having been discovered: I then called aloud, and had soon plenty of listeners and observers. They seemed much surprised; but threw me out a rope, by the aid of which I was soon on board. I told them at once my situation, and my determination to perish, rather than ever go back again. I assured them, that I would do all that lay in my power to be useful, if they would take me with them, and give me victuals.

There was a gentleman on board, who knew, by my mark, to whom I belonged. He made many

very particular inquiries of me; and I told him all the truth. He afterwards went with the captain below, and I remained seated on the deck. In the mean time, a slight breeze had sprung up from the southward. All hands were immediately employed to take advantage of it. As soon as the captain was at liberty to attend to me, he told me that I must make myself as useful as I could, and he would consider what he could do in the case. I was fully aware that it was his intention to take me back again; but I conceived that many things might occur to frustrate that intention.

I was very much surprised and interested with almost every thing that I saw around me. The vessel was to me a perpetual source of astonishment. I studied all her parts, and the method of regulating them, according to circumstances: at the same time, I made a point of being particularly attentive to every one who gave me any orders. By degrees, I found that I was becoming a favourite. I had a cap, jacket, and trowsers, given me by the captain's orders, who seemed to admire me in them as much as I admired myself.

It happened that a lady, with a young child, was a passenger; she was standing with the child in her arms on a fine day, when the wind was rather high, looking down at part of a wreck that was floating past. At that moment, a strong blast took off her bonnet: in the unconscious attempt to regain

it, the child sprang, and fell from her arms. I was standing at the stern, when her screams and actions explained at once the accident. I instantly threw off my jacket and trowsers, and was in the sea before the child sunk. I saw it—it went down—and I followed it. I soon rose with it; but the vessel had got a considerable distance. The sea was rather rough; but I found no difficulty in keeping the little creature's head generally above water: for myself, I had no fears. I soon saw the boat approaching, and had presently the happiness of seeing the mother again in possession of her child.

As soon as I was again dressed, she came to thank me with her tears. I cried too, for I had not been hardened to scenes such as this, as I had to those of misery. Even the little lovely baby appeared afterwards to take a liking to me.

The sailors all seemed willing to teach me any thing; and I believe that, after a while, I understood the working of the ship as well as most of them. I was the most astonished with the compass, and felt much curiosity to discover the cause of the needle's always pointing to the north. This led me to wish much to learn to read, because I was told that I then might learn that and many other things. I often saw the captain and others reading; and when I could get hold of a book, I was never tired of examining and admiring it, though

I could not conceive how it could possibly tell any thing.

The lady, whose child I had rescued, understanding my desire to learn to read, prevailed on a person, who was passenger, and who had formerly been a schoolmaster, to teach me. I determined not to neglect my duty in the ship; but I employed every leisure moment, even to the almost neglect of meals, in studying the lessons and instructions which my teacher gave me. In a fortnight, I could read enough to enable me fully to comprehend how books could speak. After that, my difficulties, as far as related to reading, were at an end; and I could very soon read any book, without much difficulty, but not with great facility.

Now it was that I was brought to reflect on religious subjects; for the lady had given me a New Testament. I only understood that it was a book that was to teach me to do right and to be good. It is impossible to describe the interest which I often felt in reading it, or the feelings that it called forth. I became very inquisitive of the passenger who taught me to read about it, as to the time when these things happened, and if it was in any place, or country, to which we were going. He was a religious character, and gave me what information he could, and always seemed fond of talking on the subject. I was never tired of reading, and hearing, and thinking about it. I often wondered

if negroes were among the people whom Jesus Christ loved, and for whom he died.

We had now arrived nearly at the place of our destination (Liverpool.) I will not attempt to describe my astonishment, as we sailed up the river, and took our station in the docks among hundreds of vessels, many of them larger than ours, which I had before considered as the wonder of the world. The immense buildings, and the perpetual bustle, almost bewildered my senses.

I knew not what was intended to be my lot, when almost every one was preparing to leave the ship; but before she went, the lady before-mentioned came to me,—a gentleman who was come for her, as well as the captain, being with her. She told me that it had been the captain's intention to have confined me below during his stay in port; but that she had engaged, in a penalty, for my not leaving the vessel, till I heard either from her or her husband, to whom she was going: that on my promising not to do so, I might have my liberty in the vessel. This promise I readily made. The servant brought the child to take leave of me, and I was permitted to kiss it, as well as the lady's hand, which I did in tears.

I now took care to make myself as useful as I could on board, in assisting to unload the ship; and the captain and all the sailors were very kind to me. After a few days, the captain told me that,

as he was sure that I must want to see such a large and grand town, that I should that morning accompany him to several places to which he had to go. I certainly did feel a great wish to do so, since it was probable I otherwise never might have another opportunity. I, however, recollected my promise to the lady; and I told the captain that I dare not go. He looked at me attentively, and I thought I saw a tear; at least he condescended, before several of the men, to take my hand. "You are a noble fellow," he said, "you are going into better hands, or I would have provided for you myself." "Here, sir," he said to a gentleman, whom I had not before noticed, but who had heard what had passed, "take him, sir: I have had an eye to him during the whole voyage; and, if I know any thing of mankind, he will be a faithful servant to you." The gentleman now stepped up to me, shook me heartily by the hand, thanked me for saving the life of his child, and for my attention to his wife. He told me that I was then *free*, as he should send back the price of my freedom by the captain; and, therefore, I might go where I liked; but that, if I would go and live with him, it would give his wife much pleasure, and that he should make it his study to render me comfortable.

The captain called the crew together, and, in a few words, told them the circumstances. The steward sprang upon a cask, and taking off his cap, led

a shout, that attracted the attention of the crews of all the vessels in the harbour. He then came, and, shaking me by the hand, heartily wished me joy. He was followed by all the rest of the crew; for myself, I was totally unmanned. The gentleman gave the sailors something, and I attended him and the captain into the town.

The captain had in the morning sent me a new dress to the inn, to which we then went, and where I put it on; but neither the new clothes, nor the wonderful things that I saw about me on every side, could gain much attention from me, my thoughts and spirits were so much agitated.

When I was dressed, my new master took me with him into another room, and there was the lady with the baby, and three other larger children: the captain, too, was there. My mistress told me that the captain had informed her of my proper conduct, and she doubted not but that I should be rewarded for it; at any rate, if it pleased God to enable her, she would always befriend me. She said that they were going to set off home immediately.

A smart gentleman then came in, to tell them that all was ready. My master told me I might go with him, and he would direct me what to do. The captain again shook me by the hand, and wished me many good wishes. I must not attempt to describe my astonishment at the sight of the

coach and horses ; and when my conductor told me to get up, and sit on the seat in the front, I was greatly puzzled to know what to think about it. My master and mistress, with the children, got inside the coach ; and my conductor got up, with his long whip, (which I did not much like to see,) and seated himself beside me. He bade me sit still, and off the horses went with us.

What an astonishing place did the town seem to me ! I appeared to be got into another world,—a world of superior things, and beings, to the one which I had left. I kept crying, wonderful ! wonderful ! wonderful ! My companion on the seat was quite amused, and kindly pointed out new wonders, telling me their names, which came on me too rapidly to be remembered. I think I was as much surprised with the noble, cheerful, tractable horses, and their grand trappings, as with any thing. The driver had no occasion to touch them with his whip, or I should have felt for them ; but it seemed in his hands only a plaything.

We bowled rapidly on a fine smooth road, and passed many grand houses and villages for a long time, and then left the great road, along a narrow one, which took us through a beautiful country, to a large handsome house, which my companion told me was my master's, and that, when he stopped, I must get off and open the coach-door for them to get out. I was not long in getting off, for I sprung

down at once; but if the servants from the house had not come to help me, the door would not have been soon opened. They all smiled at me. My friend, the coachman, for such I found that he was, called me *Massa Harlequin*.

I found every thing astonishingly grand, and every one much disposed to be kind to me, and ready to teach me any thing that I had to do, which I did with so good a will, that I found but few difficulties. Much as I had suffered, and numerous as were the vicissitudes which I had experienced, I was then only thirty-four years of age. My constitution was but little impaired, so that, with the good living and kindness which I now experienced, my strength and activity had returned to me again, and I was by far the strongest and nimblest man in the house. My business was to wait upon my master and mistress, and they made it both easy and very pleasant to me.

I had brought my New Testament with me from the ship; indeed, I had always kept it with me. My mistress had told my master of my having learnt to read, and of her having given me the New Testament. He therefore questioned me if I understood it. I told him that many things in it I thought I did, but that there was much that I wanted explaining. A gentleman dressed in black was in the room with him. "This gentleman, *Zangara*," he said, "will instruct you much better on those

subjects than I can, and I am sure that he will do it with pleasure ; he knows something of your history, and is much disposed to serve you." This gentleman, it proved, was the clergyman of the parish. My master left us together. He first heard me read, and then gave me, in as few words as possible, a general history of the creation, fall, and redemption of man. He gave me the Bible, and told me to read it through ; that as I went on, if there were any thing that seemed to require explanation, to come to him, at times which he mentioned, and he would always gladly attend to me. He likewise asked my master to give me leave to attend an evening-school twice in a week, to be instructed in writing, and, afterwards, accounts. This I have since continued to do, and have made progress to satisfy all my friends.

On the subject of Christianity, my heart was engaged, and my understanding convinced. Within a few months I was baptized by the name of *John*, being the one which I chose, as that of the beloved disciple of our blessed Lord. My kind master and mistress were so good as to be sponsors for me. Since I have known Christianity, and become, I trust, a *Christian*, nothing has surprised me so much as the lives which the professors of such a holy and pure religion live. I am very sure that those of my poor heathen brethren are less depraved than many of the professed Christians ; and,

were *they* converted to Christianity, there could be no comparison between them. In fact, I am persuaded, that the heart of the poor untutored negro, affords one of the purest pages on which to inscribe the truths of that holy religion, for the reception of which, the hearts of too many of the Europeans seem to have no clean part. It is, I am convinced, the evil *lives* of those who profess Christianity, that is the great obstacle to the general reception of that pure faith by negroes, wherever it is preached to them.

My master has very often been so good as to give me books to read on the subject of negro slavery. He is one who has been very desirous of the negro slaves being set free. The making slaves of them must be a gross violation of the precepts of Christianity, which directs us to do to others as we would have them do unto us. It has been at the request of my master and mistress, (now that I have been ten years with them,) that I have written this short unadorned history of my life, and that I shall give in conclusion, my sentiments on the subject of the enslaving of negroes, and their emancipation.

I am of opinion, that in the interior of Africa, where the natives are total strangers to Europeans, wars are very rare. Nearer the coast, wars may be more frequent, but it is probable that they almost all owe their origin, directly or indirectly, to the slave trade. I do not think that the negroes are

cither a blood-thirsty or a quarrelsome race. Where they have been corrupted by long intercourse with whites, their nature and habits, it is probable, may be greatly changed for the worse, having been taught much that is bad, and nothing that is good. Horrid as are the features of the slave trade, and of slavery, as portrayed in the life here presented to the public, it is by no means, in any one feature, exaggerated or caricatured : on the contrary, they are often even more hideous than what has here appeared. It is utterly impossible for any human being, who has not been himself in the situation, to conceive any thing like the sufferings experienced by the poor slaves on the passage. They may, and no doubt, do, vary in degree, but all are horrible.

On the subject of emancipation, I can have no doubt of its being practicable, not only speedily and safely, but with great advantage to the planters themselves. Much as the slaves are harassed by such *long-continued* labour, the same work, I am persuaded, speaking generally, might be performed, with much less oppression to the slaves, in one third of the time. I would by no means recommend the setting off the slaves entirely free from their masters, nay, their masters ought not to be allowed to turn them away. Only let them remain with their present masters, as articulated servants, working on stated terms, either by the day, or by the piece ; wherever it is practicable, on the latter terms.

With proper precaution, there could be no possibility of danger in making the experiment immediately on one of the smaller islands, promising indemnity to the planters, if, at the end of three years, loss could be proved.

Negroes, speaking generally, are, I think, easily to be wrought upon by kindness, and are particularly susceptible of gratitude. They certainly are not a blood-thirsty race. The oppression which they experience, and the evil example of the generality of the white inhabitants of the West India Islands, debase and corrupt them. I feel no hesitation in affirming, that under kind and orderly masters, instead of enslavers, they would become the most obedient and mild race of servants that could any where be found together in equal numbers. Christianity taught and *practised* among them in any thing like purity, would be generally received with avidity. It is in a peculiar manner fitted for their state and disposition. Notwithstanding the horrid nature of slavery, I think it will very probably, in the end, be proved to have been turned by the power of the Almighty, into an instrument of converting the negro race to Christianity. *He* can not only cause the wicked to be entrapped in the works of his own hands, but *He* can also cause their unrighteousness to be instrumental in extending his glory. Since I have, by the especial providence of a merciful God, been blessed with the power and

opportunity of reading and hearing what is doing in this kingdom, to serve the oppressed West India negro slaves, I have been very anxious to avail myself of those privileges, and the result has been a full conviction on my own mind, that the emancipation of the slaves, with proper precaution, would be of the greatest advantage to all persons interested in the prosperity of those island. An inordinate love of power, an adherence to deep-rooted, early imbibed, prejudices, a jealousy of all European interference with their concerns, and the contempt, and almost abhorrence, which is felt for the negro race, among the white inhabitants of the islands, are the causes which prevent their perceiving the advantages which might be obtained by a prudent but general emancipation of the slave population.

SAMUEL ROBERTS.

Park Grange, March, 1826.

*The friend
James M. Stephens
New Orleans*

ZEMBO AND NILA,

AN AFRICAN TALE.

WHERE the beauteous Niger roll'd
Through the land of slaves and gold,
On the brink a tyger lay,
Slumbering through the sultry day :
Stately palms their branches spread,
Cool and verdant o'er his head ;
Deeply murmuring in his ear,
Rippling ran the river clear ;
While the sun, in noon of light,
Like an eagle in his flight,
Borne upon the wings of time,
Tower'd in majesty sublime,
Earth and ocean, air and sky,
Basking in his boundless eye.

Soft as desert-fountains flow,
Sweet as ocean-breezes blow,
Came a lonely negro maid,
Where the sleeping brute was laid :

O what wild enchanting grace
Sparkled o'er her dimpled face,
While the moonlight of her eyes
Glow'd and glanced with fond surprise !
Bright through shadow beam'd her lips ;
She was beauty in eclipse ;
Sportive, innocent, and gay,
All in nature's disarray,
Unashamed as infancy
Dancing on the father's knee ;
Fearless as the babe at rest,
Pillow'd on the mother's breast :
But to crown her conquering charms,
Pearly bracelets twined her arms,
Brilliant plumes her temples graced,
Flowery foliage wreath'd her waist.

The startled nymph, with silent awe,
The lovely dreadful monster saw,
Mark'd the sleek enamell'd pride
Of his variegated hide,
Marbled o'er with glossy dyes,
Like the peacock's spangled eyes :
Gently heaved the spotted chest
Of his broad tremendous breast ;
Slumber smooth'd his hideous features,
Closed his eyes, terrific meteors,
Hush'd the thunder of his jaws,
Sheathed the lightning of his claws ;
Harmless, beautiful, and mild,
Seem'd the savage grim and wild.

Nila's bosom o'er the sight
Swell'd from wonder to delight ;
On the mossy bank reclining,
In her hands a garland twining,
Unaware of danger nigh,
All her soul was in her eye,
Till her tongue the silence brake,
And, transported, thus she spake :—
“ Lovely stranger ! void of fear,
Innocently slumbering here,
Rest, secure in thy repose,
From the rage of prowling foes ;
Never wanderer was betray'd
In this hospitable shade :
Calm refreshing dreams attend thee !
And the mighty gods defend thee !
From the lion's ravening jaws ;
From the dread hyæna's paws ;
From the subtle panther's wiles,
Lurking where the shrubbery smiles,
From the snake, whose tainting breath
Scatters pestilence and death ;
From the elephant, whose might
Crushes armies in the fight ;
From the fangs of tygers ghaunt,
Cruellest of fiends that haunt
Forest, wilderness, or plain,
Grimly strewn with victims slain,
When, like whirlwind, flood, and fire,
Irresistible in ire,

Tygers—so my parents say—
Gorge alive their shrieking prey;
Then in frenzy of hot gore,
Fiercer, feller than before,
Still with quenchless thirst they burn,
Headlong still to slaughter turn.
Fiends like these the desert awe,
Fiends that Nila never saw;
On this silent solitude
Such destroyers ne'er intrude,
For my father keeps this grove,
Sacred to the gods above;
Nor beyond this shelter'd home,
Dare his daughter's footsteps roam.
Here then, charming stranger, rest,
Nila's friend, companion, guest;
With the sweetest herbs I'll feed thee,
To the purest fountains lead thee;
Here in gambols, wild and gay,
Let us sport our lives away;
And this blooming wreath shall be
Nila's pledge of love to thee,
While I crown thee thus with flowers
Prince of these sequester'd bowers."

Sudden as the lightning's stroke
Glances on the splinter'd oak,
At her touch the tyger sprang,
With his voice the mountains rang.
One wild moment Nila stood,
Then plunged instinctive in the flood;

ZEMBO AND NILA.

With a roar of thunder hollow,
As the monster leapt to follow,
Quick and keen, a venom'd dart,
Quiver'd in his cruel heart ;
Round he reel'd in mortal pain,
Bit the barbed shaft in twain,
Groan'd and fell, and pour'd his breath
In a hurricane of death.

Lost as in a wandering dream,
Nila floated down the stream ;
The conscious river swell'd with pride,
While buoyant on his circling tide,
Light as the silvery shadows sail
O'er corn-fields waving to the gale,
The gentle waters safely bore
The panting Naiad to the shore.

Zembo from the grove emerging,
Ran to meet the rescued virgin ;
Zembo, whose victorious bow
Laid the treacherous tyger low ;
Zembo, swiftest in the race,
Matchless in the savage chace ;
Tall and shapely as the palm,
A storm in war, in peace a calm ;
Black as midnight without moon,
Bold and undisguised as noon.
—Zembo long had wooed in vain ;
But while Nila scorn'd his pain,
Love's insinuating dart
Slid so slyly through her heart,

That the nymph, in all her pride,
Sigh'd—yet scarcely knew she sigh'd.

Now she saw, with transport sweet,
Gallant Zembo at her feet ;
Though her trembling lips were seal'd,
Love her hidden soul reveal'd :
Zembo read with glad surprise
All the secrets of her eyes ;
Wild with joy his eager arms
Sprang to clasp her modest charms ;
Startled, like the timid deer,
Nila fled with lovely fear ;
He pursued the nimble maid
To the broad palmetto shade ;
There the flowery wreaths she found,
Which the tyger's front had crown'd,
These on Zembo's brows she twined,
Whispering thus, in accents kind,
“ Noble youth ! accept, though small,
This reward—'tis Nila's all ;
If my hero claims a higher,
Yonder, Zembo—lives my Sire.”

J. M.

Sheffield.



“ AND BRING THEM FORTH TO LIBERTY INDEED.”

THE MISSIONARY.

HE was one
Who, like a man descending to the grave,
Hed put away, or quelled within his heart,
All earthly hopes, all natural charities
Of kindred, and all holier ties of love.
Beside the font, where once in infancy,
His parents vowed their only child to God.
Beside his father's grave, his mother's voice,
Faltering, but faithful to her high resolve,

Again resigned him, yet more solemnly,
To do his Master's work : his mother's hand,
Trembling, yet from the duty shrinking not,
Had armed him for the conflict which he sought :
A more than Spartan mother, armed her son
For more than Spartan war : the Word of God
His sword, of heavenly temper, and his helm
The hope of glory. He had bade farewell
To one endeared by all remembrances
Of childhood, by all holier thoughts of youth,
With whom his dearest earthly wish had been,
If He who ordereth all in heaven and earth
Had so ordained it—there to live and die.
But they should never meet again on earth ;
And now, as if the grave had closed upon her,
He thought of her as one among the dead.
Amid those islands, where our western sun
Departs “ to dawn in glory ”—whose career
Columbus followed ; but his sun of fame
Went down in blood and darkness—'mid those isles,
It was his heart's desire and prayer to God
That he might be the humble instrument
To break the wretched captives' twofold chain—
Oh, how he longed that it were his to speak
With the tongue of men and angels!—for a voice
Mighty in operation, that its sound
Should come unto the great ones of the earth,
And bid them break at once the unrighteous bonds,
And let the oppressed go free—the captives forth
To liberty and life. He cried, indeed,
And spared not ; but his voice was low and sweet,

Even as the flow of waters, audible
Beneath the silence of the starry sky ;
Or like the vesper song of that dear bird,
Who, though she sings the livelong summer day,
Is heard but when her brethren are at rest.
It should have pealed in thunders round the sky,
So they had heard and trembled ; but it rose
In those far isles, and floated o'er the rocks,
Then died away, like moonlight, on the sea.

But though cast down, his hope of faith for them
Was not destroyed : not to their misery
He left them, deeming all that man could do
Had been attempted, and that all was vain :
Their spirit bowed beneath a heavier yoke,
More grievous bonds than those which galled their limbs—
The yoke of Satan, and the bonds of sin.
It was his earnest hope and ceaseless prayer,
That, to his favoured hand, the blessed work
Might be assigned to set those bond-slaves free,
And bring them forth to liberty indeed.
Nor were his work of faith and deeds of love
Without their fruit—albeit some fell away
Untimely, and, though all that ripened there
Was long in coming to maturity,
Yet fruit there was ; and he gave God the praise.

Ye know not, whose high privilege it is
To kneel beside the Christian's dying bed,
And give him comfort in the awful hour,
When he hath anchored all his hope for heaven

Upon the Rock of Ages—ye know not,
How wavering and unstable was the faith
Of these poor converts; and how vague their hope
Of future blessedness: they surely deemed
The hour of death should waft them far away,
From the oppressor's scourge and iron chain,
To their dear country and their hut of palms.
Ye know not, who, on each returning day
Of holy rest, through the low garden gate,
Mid reverent groups, awaiting there to meet
“The hand, the voice, the smile,” to each dispersed,
Enter the lowly house of God, to speak
The tidings of his grace to those who know
And love the message; not the less, perhaps,
Because they love the messenger: or make,
From time to time, to that beloved flock,
Your pastoral visits, looked for and received
As angel-visits erst in paradise—
Ye cannot tell what toil and weariness,
To this devoted servant of his Lord,
Attended such communion with his flock
Dispersed:

The air is moveless; not a tress
Of the tall palm-tree's graceful head is stirred;
The sun yet high in heaven. O for a breeze
Of his dear country now, to fan his cheek,
And chase the death-like faintness from his heart!
Vain wish! But he must hasten on his way,
To yon plantation, whose far huts and canes
Are glimmering in the heat, that he may reach it

Soon as the wretched slaves have ceased their toil,
Before they lay them down at last to sleep,
And in their dreams be free. And he hath gained
The station : but one moment, underneath
That broad banana's shade, he breathes, and clears
The damps of toil and weakness from his brow,
And enters now the hut of one, his first
And his most hopeful convert. He was there :
His comrades bare him in, and laid him down
Upon his bed of reeds. The common tale
Was told : his over-wrought strength had failed beneath
The allotted task ; and lash on lash was given,
Till nature sunk at length. His pastor came
Only to see him die ; too feeble now
To give assurance of his hope in Christ.

That pastor laboured on for three long years
Of unremitted toil ; yet sometimes cheered
By brighter hopes for them, and by the thought
That they should witness for him in the day
Of Christ's appearing : then he fell asleep,
Sorrowing that he had but commenced that work
He trusted to accomplish ; strong in hope
That others should be raised up in his stead,
More profitable servants : above all,
That He, the Universal Father, now
Would interpose his might, and take away
The isles' reproach—the unconquerable bar ;
For such almost he deemed it—in the way
Of their conversion to the faith of Christ.

Sheffield, Feb. 2, 1826.

* * *

THE
DISCARDED NEGRO SLAVE.

IN the year 1820 or 1821, I do not recollect which, there was a meeting convened at Kendal on the subject of slavery. I accidentally happened to be there at the time, and having a few hours to spare, was induced to attend it. The following account I committed to writing on the next day; it may therefore be depended upon as tolerably correct, though I much regretted that I was not at the time prepared to take the negro's speech in short-hand, as I might then have given it precisely in his own interesting language.

I arrived a little after the time appointed for the meeting; but business was not commenced, though I could perceive that some impatience began to be manifested. The committee were on the platform, and earnestly engaged in conversation for some time, when a gentleman, of the name of Smith,



Engr. R. Peter. H. & Co. Rev.

"Like Hesper leading on the train of Night"

The Disarmed Negro Slave.

stepped forward, and thus addressed the meeting:—
“ *Ladies and Gentlemen*,—Mr. Rainsworth, who kindly undertook to prepare and read the report, took it with him to Ullesbank last evening. We have been anxiously expecting him this half hour, and are not without fears on his account, as his punctuality is so well known. However, as the time when the chair ought to be taken is expired, I have been requested by the committee to relate to you a circumstance which occurred to myself yesterday, and to introduce the strangers whom I then met with, to occupy your attention till either Mr. Rainsworth, or the messenger who is gone in search of him, shall be here. I am persuaded that your time will not be either misapplied, or seem tedious to you.

“ I was walking by the side of Hurtlebeck, along the bottom of Stainfell, when I saw two persons carefully picking their way down that steep and rugged hill-side. I was rather alarmed for them, and therefore stopped to watch their progress. If my attention was at first excited by their seeming peril, it was rivetted by their appearance on their nearer approach. One of them was an aged athletic man, of a commanding appearance; he was blind, and a negro. The other was a fine boy, about ten years of age; he seemed ‘ Like Hesper, leading on the train of night.’ A more lovely child I certainly never did see: his com-

plexion was fair, but tanned with the weather, and ruddy: his light auburn locks curled, waving in the wind, for he was bare-headed: he carried a Bible under one arm, while the old negro rested on his other shoulder. With the left hand, the old man supported himself by a staff. He had more of a beard than I ever saw a negro have before. He had a scrip by his right side, suspended by a strap over his left shoulder. I stopped by the fall, till they had gotten down to the bottom of the hill. I addressed them; and finding that the aged negro understood and spoke English well, I entered into conversation with him. As I learnt that they were strangers, I prevailed on them to favour me with their company for the night, and likewise to attend this meeting; as I am certain that the circumstances which Maquama (for such is the original name of my aged visitor) will be able to relate, will prove highly interesting; and perhaps it cannot be at a better time than while we are awaiting the arrival of our friend Mr. Rainsworth.

“ I must, however, state, that Maquama has occasionally officiated in Jamaica, as an assistant to the Christian missionaries. You will, therefore, find him better qualified to address you than you probably might otherwise have expected. With your leave, then, ladies and gentlemen, I will now introduce him. I, however, thought it better thus first to prepare you.”

Mr. Smith now stepped into the committee-room, and soon returned, followed by the negro and his little companion. The sight was exceedingly interesting and affecting, even more so than the relation of Mr. Smith had prepared us to expect. The meeting instinctively stood up in silent admiration; while the sweet little boy led the aged venerable negro on to the platform. The contrast between the two was complete in every respect. The fine ruddy complexion, sparkling eyes, and artless smiling happy countenance of the little elastic-limbed boy, delighted every one; while the manly figure, black complexion, sightless eyes, and solemn countenance and deportment of the aged negro, inspired us all with a kind of reverential awe. In walking, the old man stooped a good deal: but after Mr. Smith had whispered a few words to him respecting addressing the meeting, who now seated themselves, he raised himself upright, and appeared straight and majestic. He stood a few moments silent, to recollect himself; and then, in an unembarrassed manner, and in language easy to understand, with only sufficient of the negro accent and peculiarity to render it more interesting, he addressed the meeting in something like the following terms, the utmost silence prevailing:—

“ Christian Friends ! for such, I am told, are all here present; and though I cannot see you, I can tell that there are many. I thank my God, and

his Son our Saviour, that I have been led to such an assembly. I am a poor old negro, and have experienced and suffered many afflictions; but if those afflictions had been ten times greater than they have been, my present situation, and the events which have led me to it, together with the prospect which is now afforded me, of comfort to the poor negro slaves on earth, and of eternal happiness for myself, infinitely over-pay them all.

“ Christian Friends! you are met together to serve the poor negroes. Oh, may the God of mercies bless you all for so doing! Do not despise the heart-felt thanks of a poor, old, blind, *Discarded Negro Slave*. If he had more than these, and the tears of his sightless eyes, to give you, you should be welcome to them all. Yes, my Christian friends, I am sure that I can add to them the thanks of this dear fatherless boy,—the child of a father who fell a self-devoted victim to the same cause. We have been long inseparable, and I hope never to part from him till I am called upon to follow his father to the grave.” The old man’s tears trickled down his cheeks, as he laid his hand upon the head of the interesting boy, whose tears were not the only ones that accompanied those of Maquama.

“ My kind friend, Mr. Smith,” he continued, “ informs me, that you would wish to hear something about negroes, and the sufferings of negro

slaves in the West Indies. I can tell you something about myself, which may, perhaps, answer the purpose.—I was born in Africa, a very long way from the sea, but how far I cannot tell. The country was called Temaka. It was a very beautiful country, far more so than any that I have ever seen since. You, I am sure, cannot conceive what happy beings negroes are in such a country, where they are out of the reach of slave-makers. We there knew nothing of them. There is a liveliness in the negro character, when unpolluted, that makes them always playful and happy. At least, on recollection, it seems to have been so in my youth. Our village was near the edge of an extensive lake. Around it, the ground was cultivated, beyond which, on one side, was a very large thick forest; on the other, the sandy desert came to within a very few miles. You must not, my Christian white friends, judge of the negroes by such poor creatures as myself, worn down by slavery. What would be, may I take the liberty to ask, most of the persons here present, had they been depressed, like the poor negro slaves, for many years? I suspect that they would have been but little better. To know what a negro is, and of what he is capable, he should be seen in Temaka. The elephant as he there stalks through the forest, like a child through a field of standing corn, crushing the boughs of the mighty trees on either hand, as he passes through

them, scarcely surpasses him in strength. The beautiful, untameable Zebra, is rivalled by him in agility and gracefulness. The ostrich scarcely exceeds him in swiftness. You might, with equal reason, form your judgment of the mighty monarch of the African wilds, whose nightly roar spreads alarm through a hundred villages, by the poor dispirited creatures, which, I understand, are exhibited here and called lions, as judge of what negroes are—of what *I* once was—by what you now see *me*. I yielded, when in freedom, to none for strength, for agility, or for ingenuity. But what was I in bondage? A poor, lifeless, stubborn, obstinate brute, only to be roused to exertion by the lash of the driver. But I am wandering from my relation of facts.

‘ I was married, (in our way,) and had three children. I was out with a party in the desert, hunting ostriches. We had pursued the sport, or employment, for it was both, to a great distance. We had not been very successful, but were preparing to return, when a remarkably fine one was seen behind a sand-bank. The party were weary;—partly to show my superior strength and speed, I engaged to take him. I carried nothing with me but my thong. He took a direction towards the setting sun, which was from Temaka: I pursued him long after my party were out of sight. I gained upon him, and at last succeeded in entangling him;

his feathers were the finest that I ever had seen. I was, however, completely spent and over-heated. I lay down, and was soon asleep. I awoke with pains in every limb. I was unable to rise; a burning fever ensued, and I became insensible.

“ When I had, in any degree, regained my faculties, I found myself fastened upon a camel among strange white people; I was still very unwell. My companions, or, as I soon found them to be, my masters, offered me food, but I could take but little. I attempted to get loose, but that only caused them to tie me the faster. I was very indignant, and threatened them as well as I could, which made them still more severe with me than with others, for there were many more negroes, but I could not understand their language. I need not take up your time in telling you the particulars of our dreadful journey, and still more dreadful voyage to the West Indies. I was, on arriving there, half dead, and more than half blind. I was, however, soon sold, and being large and middle-aged, sold high. Some care, therefore, was taken of me at the first, and I gained strength fast, though my eyes never entirely got well. I brooded on nothing but revenge. I had a high spirit; I was very susceptible of kindness, but could never then brook ill-usage. Nothing short of blows could move me, and I frequently set *them* at defiance, till I was almost dead. Indeed, I often wished that they would kill me. At length, I be-

came sullenly stubborn. I did the work which I was compelled to do, but no more, and that in as slight a way as possible. I could, if free, have easily done three times as much, and greatly better. I never, however, was tempted to imbrue my hands in blood. Indeed, I do think, that negroes shrink from it more than other people. My master at length died. He had no children but a natural daughter by a negro woman, who died before him. The daughter, by his will, succeeded to her father's property.

“ I was now worse off than ever, being left entirely to the mercy of the overlooker and drivers. They got rich; but the poor young woman was ruined, and her property sold by auction. I had been brought, by age and sufferings, to such a state, as to be totally incapable of working. I had very little strength, and was nearly blind. I was put up for sale among the rest of the slaves; but no person would bid any thing for me: in fact, I could not stand. I was, therefore, completely *discarded*, and told that I must provide for myself. I contrived to crawl to a bank by the way-side, and there lay under a Banana tree all night. In the morning I was scarcely sensible. Two young gentlemen, one of whom had purchased the estate, were passing with their guns. On seeing me, they began to joke about my being put up to sale, when one of them said, ‘ Tom, I’ll wager you a dollar, that I

wing the old good-for-nothing nigger, the first shot, at fifty yards.' 'Done,' replied the other, and they paced the distance. I was perfectly sensible, but unable, indeed, indisposed, to move. I heartily wished, like a poor heathen as I was, that they might kill me. I felt the shock like what I should conceive an electric shock to be, but not more. My arm, however, I found was broken. They came up to me to see who had won, and then, laughing, left me.

"I suppose that I soon fainted from loss of blood. When I regained my senses, I found myself laid upon a bed in a neat room, and a white female standing by the side of it, looking at me. She spoke with compassion, so that I almost thought that I must have revived in another world. A gentleman now came in: he, too, spoke kindly to me. Oh, my Christian friends, they were the sweetest sounds that my ears had ever admitted; they found their way to my heart of stone; they softened it; my eyes had, from my youth, been strangers to tears, for sufferings never could force them, but they now flowed a-pace, and seemed to do me a great deal of good. The gentleman set my arm, though, as you see, not quite straight.

"The good Mr. Marshall, (for that was the gentleman's name,) and his lady, paid every necessary attention to me. I was now almost continually in tears, but they were tears of gratitude. My heart

had been so susceptible of tenderness, and so long a stranger to any behaviour to call it forth, that kindness absolutely overpowered me. Mr. Marshall was a Christian Missionary. He had not been arrived long on a neighbouring plantation. I had heard something about such people, but had no idea what they were. Mrs. M. had found me when apparently dead, and had ordered me to be taken to their home, in Mr. M.'s absence. When he learnt my case, and had conversed with me frequently, he went to my late mistress, and obtained a regular certificate of my being freed by her, for which he paid. He brought it to me, and told me that I was no longer a slave.

“ It was now, when I could begin to walk about, that he began to talk to me of Jesus Christ. I, of course, listened to him with attention, and I was not long before I listened with intense interest. I had always conceived that there was a great Spirit, who had made all things, who lived in a country more beautiful than Temaka, to whom, if we did right, we should go after death, and meet those who had gone there before us. But I had thought but little upon the subject.

“ To all Mr. Marshall's relation of the Bible history, I lent the greatest delighted attention. He had so gained my love and confidence, that I was certain he knew, and would tell me *truth*. Nor was I long before I was *sure* that I had an evidence

from *within*, that confirmed whatever he had told me. I had not, at that time, entirely lost my sight: in fact, it had become a little better. I felt a strong desire to be able to read my Bible. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall were then teaching their only child, this dear boy, to read. I had noted his progress, and hoped to be able to make as much. They gladly undertook the task of teaching me also, which I did not suffer them to continue long, for I mastered the difficulties in a short time, and then, of myself, I got on rapidly. As I was not able to work at all, the reading of my Bible was my constant employment, whenever my eyes would bear it. My good master lent me every assistance in his power (and his powers, in that respect, were great,) to understand any parts which appeared to me difficult; but he most particularly pressed upon me the necessity of constant, earnest prayer, for the illuminating influence of the Holy Spirit, who alone can clear up, to every individual, the deep and dark things of God.

“ I attended my master as soon as I was able, in almost all his visits to those plantations in which he had permission to instruct the negroes in Christianity, and in time he permitted me to be baptized, and afterwards admitted a communicant. By degrees he brought me, through the grace of God, to assist him in his pious work, and even sometimes to visit *instead of him*. My labours, he was pleased

to say, were often efficient where his would have failed.

“ Though I could scarcely then see, and, in a little while, not at all, I insisted on being permitted, as my strength was in a great measure restored, to earn my living. I could manage to work at the mill; and there I got employment, though my kind master and mistress would scarcely permit it. Nothing surprised me so much, my Christian friends, when I came to understand the truth and purity of Christianity, as the profligate *lives* of all the professing Christians whom I had seen before I knew Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. That the poor Heathens, who have no knowledge of Jesus Christ and his laws, should live as without God in the world, could not surprise me, though I trusted that the Judge of all mankind would, at the awful day of trial, be favourable unto them; but that men, who, from their childhood, had been taught the pure principles of the Christian religion, should live lives far worse than those of the most ignorant Heathen, did surprise me very much. This, I am persuaded, is one of the greatest obstacles to the reception of Christianity among the negro slaves. Oh, my Christian friends! could the poor slaves see such an assembly as this—could they witness conduct such as yours among Christians, there would be but little difficulty in persuading them to examine and to embrace Christianity.

“ About twelve months ago, my good mistress received a letter, to say, that her father was not expected to live very long, and that he particularly requested to see her before he died. My master would have gone with her, but she would not allow him; but promised, if God permitted, to return as soon as possible, as her very heart was engaged in the good work of converting the poor Heathen, which they were so successfully prosecuting together. The captain of the vessel was known to my master, and therefore he had the less objection to her going alone.

“ I was now become entirely blind. My master's exertions, too, had begun to weaken his frame. I was, however, very much strengthened; and this dear child was become able and willing to lead me about from plantation to plantation. Indeed, I think that God then prospered my labours the more for his sake. My dear master daily grew worse; and when, in about four months after the departure of that exemplary Christian, his wife, he received the afflicting intelligence of the vessel being shipwrecked, and of his affectionate partner being lost, the shock was too great for him; and in a few weeks, myself and this his dear orphan child, followed his remains, amidst the weeping negroes from all the neighbouring plantations who could obtain leave to come to the grave.

“ Before the death of my revered master, as I

must always call him, he had authorized me to dispose of his property (which was but small) there, and to come over to England, with this his child, to his relations in this country. Before I left Jamaica, I, however, received a letter, directed for her husband, from my dear mistress, who had escaped with her life in an almost miraculous manner. I immediately wrote, by the aid of a friend, to inform her of the awful event that had taken place, and of my intention of following the letter, as soon as I could, with her child.

“ It only remains now to inform you, my Christian friends, why and how my little companion and myself, after landing at Lancaster, came to be travelling the way and in the manner in which we were found by our kind friend Mr. Smith.”

Here the speaker was interrupted by a bustle which ensued, in consequence of the entrance of Mr. Rainsworth, with a lady in deep mourning, who, though veiled, was evidently suffering under indisposition. She took a seat, and Mr. Rainsworth ascended the platform. They had been overturned in a gig in coming over Ambleside, in consequence of which, though not much hurt, they had been detained almost two hours.

The Christian negro was now desired to conclude his interesting narrative, which he was beginning to do, when the lady who accompanied Mr. Rainsworth, shrieked and fainted. Mr. Rains-

worth had her conveyed into the committee-room, and Maquama was again proceeding, when the voice of the lady was heard exclaiming, "Oh, my child! My child! It is my child! Where is Maquama?" The little boy seized the old man's hand, crying, "Oh, it is mamma! It is mamma!" and instantly flew into the committee-room. The venerable negro, clasping his hands together, sunk upon his knees. The agitation that ensued was universal. My feelings were deeply excited, and I left the room, desirous of being at liberty to reflect in solitude on the interesting events which I had just heard of and seen.

S. R.

Sheffield, May 6th.

THE
VOYAGE OF THE BLIND.

INTRODUCTION.

AFTER the first fall of Buonaparte, in 1814, Britain entered upon negotiations for peace, covered with glory and surrounded with conquests: she retired from the discussions with her glory doubled by the unextorted surrender of her conquests. But it is lamentable to recollect, that in the noblest act of disinterested justice, (justice having all the grace of generosity,) which her own high character ever called upon her to perform,—a concession was made on her behalf, by the plenipotentiary intrusted with her honour, which she utterly and abhorrently disavowed as soon as it was known. The decree, however, had gone forth, and the act was irrevocable: it need scarcely be added, that the consequences have been as frightful as it was im-

mediately foretold that they would be, by the philanthropists who had recently effected the abolition of the negro slave-trade in this country. The definitive treaty, at that time concluded, contained the following article :—

“ His most Christian Majesty, concurring without reserve in the sentiments of his Britannic Majesty, with respect to a description of traffic repugnant to the principles of natural justice, and of the enlightened age in which we live, engages to unite all his efforts to those of his Britannic Majesty, at the approaching congress, to induce all the powers of Christendom to decree the abolition of the slave-trade, so that the said trade shall cease universally, as it shall cease definitively, under any circumstances, on the part of the French government, in the course of five years; and that during the said period, no slave-merchant shall import or sell slaves, except in the colonies of the state to which he is a subject.”

This article acknowledged the iniquity of the slave-trade, and yet authorized its practice by the French government for five years. Innumerable have been the instances of injustice *sanctioned* by treaties of peace; but surely this was the first time that injustice had been *avowed* and yet sanctioned. In the cabalistic jargon of diplomatists, the most flagrant usurpations of predominant villainy are wont to be coloured with pretences of forbearance: and the most reluctant concessions of humbled im-

potence, are declared voluntary acts of independent power. It is an established homage which vice pays to virtue, in courts and cabinets, (as well as elsewhere,) to assume her character, and do every thing in her name: in this case, however, she violated her own *etiquette*, and confessing her infamy, stipulated for an indulgence to riot in a crime so multiform, that no single term in human language comprehends the hundredth part of its atrocity,—the *slave-trade* alone can do this. The licenses, granted by the police of Paris to harlots to carry on their profession unmolested, are venial in comparison with the turpitude of the licence in question, demanded by France, and granted by the ambassador of Great Britain, to carry on,—no, to *commit* the slave-trade; for, to *commit* the slave-trade, is to commit fraud, violence, perjury, sacrilege, robbery, murder, treason, and every sin that is involved with, or incidental to the traffic in the bones and muscles of living men. As a deliberate recognition of wickedness in the principle of an article in a public treaty, between two nations professing Christianity, had thus far been unexampled in past ages, it is devoutly to be hoped, that this profligate precedent will never be copied in ages to come; but that whatever wrong monarchs may be disposed to attempt, or diplomatists to confirm, all may be done, as heretofore, under the decent cloak of honesty; for the very affectation of virtue is a restraint upon

vice, while enough of her disposition will inevitably appear to betray her hypocrisy.

But the African slave-trade by France was not the *continuance* of a system already established, as in the case of Spain and Portugal,—it was the *creation of a new slave-trade*. France had not, at the time, a foot of ground on the habitable globe to be cultivated by the toil and blood of a single negro: she had not a farthing embarked in that commerce of human misery: all her colonies had been conquered; and in all those colonies, the slave-trade had actually been abolished by the *irreversible* decree of Great Britain, the absolute possessor of them; so that our cabinet had no more right to give back to France her West Indian islands and her African factories, with leave to *revive* the slave-trade there, than that cabinet had to revive the slave-trade in our own settlements, by a mere order in council: while, on the other hand, France had no more right to renew the horrid traffic where it had been annihilated, than she had to *legalise the crimes*, which the slave-trade comprehends, in any part of her empire, whether in the heart of Paris or on the shores of Guinea. *Would* the ministers of the Prince Regent of this United Kingdom have surrendered back those colonies, if France had avowed an intention of making the hideous experiment in them of abolishing all civil authority, and expressly allowing robbery and murder there for

five years? No; they and their successors would have remained at war for ever, rather than have come down to parliament with such an article in a treaty of peace, saying, “ We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement;” (Isaiah, xxviii. 15,)—yet what did they less, when they signed the warrant for France to *commit* the slave-trade; for however cacophonous the phrase, it shall not be retracted,—to *commit* the slave-trade for five years? They were deceived; and the writer of these strictures will not condemn them, for they knew not what they did; but they know it now: and the reparation which they owe to God and man for their error, is this,—not only with all their power to urge the abolition of the slave-trade by the nations of Europe abroad, but with all their influence at home, to promote the gradual abolition of slavery itself in the British colonies. The five years granted to France to pursue the abominable traffic have expired, but the traffic is yet in full vigour. The fiend-like cruelty with which it is carried on by adventurers of that country, is little known and less regarded in our own. Indifference is connivance in such a case; every man, therefore, with a voice or a pen, who has heard of this evil under the sun, ought to express his detestation of it, or be considered as an accomplice.

At the close of this article, two extracts from the

“Fifteenth Report of the Directors of the African Institution, in 1821,” shall be given, to shew in what manner certain subjects of his most Christian Majesty carry on this branch of the merchandize of apocalyptic Babylon, in “slaves, and souls of men,”—(Rev. xviii. 13,) years after their sovereign has abjured it. The imaginary fate of a slave-ship, which forms the subject of the following stanzas, is grounded upon the tragical circumstances detailed in the first of these extracts.

THE VOYAGE OF THE BLIND.

“It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg’d with curses dark.”

MILTON.

O’ER Africa the morning broke,
And many a negro land reveal’d,
From Europe’s eye and Europe’s yoke,
In Nature’s inmost heart conceal’d ;
Here roll’d the Nile his glittering train
From Ethiopia to the main ;
And Niger there uncoil’d his length,
Who hides his fountain and his strength

Among the realms of noon :
Casting away their robes of night,
Forth stood in nakedness of light,
The mountains of the moon.

Hush'd were the howlings of the wild ;
The leopard in his den lay prone ;
Man, while creation round him smiled,
Was sad or savage,—man alone :
Down in the dungeons of Algiers,
The Christian captive woke in tears ;
Caffraria's lean, marauding race
Prowl'd forth on pillage or the chase ;
In Lybian solitude,
The Arabian horseman scour'd along ;
The caravan's obstreperous throng
Their dusty march pursued.

But woe grew frantic in the west ;
A wily rover of the tide
Had mark'd the hour of Afric's rest,
To snatch her children from her side :
At early dawn, to prospering gales,
The eager seamen stretch their sails ;
The anchor rises from its sleep
Beneath the rocking of the deep ;
Impatient from the shore
A vessel steals ;—she steals away,
Mute as the lion with his prey ;
—A human prey she bore.

Curst was her trade, and contraband,
Wherefore that keel by guilty stealth
Fled with the darkness from the strand,
Laden with living bales of wealth :
Fair to the eye her streamers play'd
With undulating light and shade ;
White from her prow the gurgling foam
Flew backward tow'rds the negro's home,
Like his unheeded sighs ;
Sooner that melting foam shall reach
His inland home, than yonder beach
Again salute his eyes.

Tongue hath not language to unfold
The secrets of the space between
That vessel's flanks,—whose dungeon-hold
Hides what the sun hath never seen ;
Three hundred writhing prisoners there
Breathe one mephitic blast of air
From lip to lip ;—like flame suppress,
It bursts from every tortured breast
With dreary groans and strong ;
Lock'd side to side, they feel by starts
The beating of each other's hearts,
—Their breaking, too, ere long.

Light o'er the blue untroubled sea,
Fancy might deem that vessel held
Her voyage to eternity,
By one unchanging breeze impell'd :

Eternity is in the sky,
Whose span of distance mocks the eye ;
Eternity upon the main,
The horizon there is sought in vain ;
Eternity below
Appears in heaven's reflected face ;
And on, through everlasting space,
The unbounded billows flow.

Yet while his wandering bark career'd,
The master knew, with stern delight,
That full for port her helm was steer'd
With aim unerring day and night.
Pirate ! that port thou ne'er shalt hail ;
Thine eye in search of it shall fail :
But lo ! thy slaves expire beneath ;
Haste, bring the wretches forth to breathe ;
Brought forth—away they spring,
And headlong in the whelming tide,
Rescued from thee, their sorrows hide
Beneath the halcyon's wing.

There came an angel of eclipse,
Who haunts at times the Atlantic flood,
And smites with blindness, on their ships,
The captives and the men of blood :
Here, in the hold, the blight began,
From eye to eye contagion ran ;
Sight, as with burning brands, was quench'd ;
None from the fiery trial blench'd,

But, parting for release,
They call'd on Death, who, close behind,
Summon'd the plague, to lead the blind
From agony to peace.

That pestilence no power could check ;
Unseen its withering arrows flew ;
It walk'd in silence on the deck,
And smote from stem to stern the crew :
As glow-worms dwindle in the shade,
As lamps in charnel-houses fade,
From every orb, with vision fired,
In fitting sparks the light retired : *
The sufferers saw it go ;
And o'er the ship, the sea, the skies,
Pursued it with their failing eyes,
Till all was black below.

A murmur swell'd along the gale ;
All rose, and held their breath to hear ;
All look'd, but none could spy a sail,
And yet they knew a sail was near :
“ Help ! help ! ” our beckoning sailors cried ;
“ Help ! help ! ” a hundred tongues replied :
Then hideous clamour rent the air,
Questions and answers of despair :
Few words the mystery clear'd ;
The plague had found that second bark,
Where every eye but his was dark
Whose hand the vessel steer'd.

He, wild with panic, turn'd away,
And thence his shrieking comrades bore ;
From either ship the winds convey
Farewells, that soon are heard no more :
A calm of horror hush'd the waves ;
Behold them !—merchant, seamen, slaves,
The blind, the dying, and the dead,
All help, all hope, for ever fled,
Unseen, yet face to face !
Woe past, woe present, woe to come,
Held for a while each victim dumb,
—Impaled upon his place.

It is not in the blood of man
To crouch ingloriously to fate ;
Nature will struggle while she can ;
Misfortune makes her children great ;
The head which lightning hath laid low,
Is hallow'd by the noble blow ;
The wretch who yields a felon's breath,
Emerges from the cloud of death,
A spirit on the storm :
But virtue, perishing unknown,
Watch'd by the eye of Heaven alone,
Is earth's least earthly form.

What were the scenes on board that bark ?
The tragedy which none beheld ?
When (as the deluge bore the ark,)
By power invisible impell'd,

The keel went blindfold through the surge,
Where stream might drift or whirlwind urge :
Plague, famine, thirst, their numbers slew,
And frenzy seized the hardier few,
Who yet were spared to try
How everlasting are the pangs,
When life upon a moment hangs,
And death stands mocking by.

Imagination's daring glance
May pierce that veil of mystery,
As in the rapture of a trance,
Things which no eye hath seen to see ;
And hear by fits along the gales,
Screams, maniac-laughter, hollow wails :
——They stand, they lie, above, beneath,
Groans of unpitied anguish breathe,
Tears unavailing shed ;
Each, in abstraction of despair,
Seems to himself a hermit there,
Alive among the dead.

Yet respite,—respite from his woes,
Even here, the conscious sufferer feels ;
Worn down by torture to repose,
Slumber the vanish'd world reveals :
Ah ! then the eyes, extinct in night,
Again behold the blessed light ;
Ah ! then the frame of rack'd disease
Lays its delighted limbs at ease ;

Swift to his own dear land
The unfetter'd slave with shouts returns;
Hard by, his dreaming tyrant burns
At sight of Cuba's strand.

To blank reality they wake,
In darkness opens every eye :
Peace comes ;—the negro's heart-strings break,
To him 'tis more than life to die ;
How feels, how fares the man of blood ?
In endless exile on the flood,
Rapt, as though fiends his vessel steer'd,
Things which he once believed and fear'd,
—Then scorn'd as idle names,—
Death, judgment, conscience, hell conspire,
With thronging images of fire,
To light up guilt in flames.

Who cried for mercy in that hour,
And found it on the desert sea ?
Who to the utmost grasp of power,
Wrestled with life's last enemy ?
Who, Marius-like, defying fate,
(Marius on fallen Carthage,) sate ?
Who, through a hurricane of fears,
Clung to the hopes of future years ?
And who, with heart unquail'd,
Look'd from Time's trembling precipice
Down on Eternity's abyss,
Till brain and footing fail'd ?

Is there among this crew not One,
One whom a widow'd mother bare,
Who mourns far off her only son,
And pours for him her soul in prayer ?
Even now,—when o'er his soften'd thought
Remembrance of her love is brought,
To soothe death's agony, and dart
A throb of comfort through his heart,—
Even now a mystic knell
Sounds through *her* pulse ;—she lifts her eye,
Sees a pale spirit passing by,
And hears *his* voice—“ farewell.”

Mother and son shall meet no more :
—The floating tomb of its own dead,
That ship shall never reach a shore ;
But far from track of seamen led,
The sun shall watch it day by day,
Careering on its lonely way :
Month after month, the moon shine pale
On fallen mast and riven sail ;
The stars, from year to year,
Mark the bulged flank, and sunken deck,
Till not an atom of the wreck
On ocean's face appear.

[*From the Fifteenth Report of the African Institution.*]

“ The case of a ship, called *Le Rodeur*, was brought to light under circumstances which place its truth beyond the shadow of a doubt. It appear-

ed in a periodical work,* published at Paris, and devoted to medical subjects; into which it was introduced, merely for the elucidation of some medical facts. The following is the translation of an extract from this work:—‘The ship *Le Rodeur*, Captain B——, of two hundred tons burden, left Havre the 24th of January, 1819, for the coast of Africa, and reached her destination the 14th of March following, anchoring at Bonny, in the river Calabar. The crew, consisting of twenty-two men, enjoyed good health during the outward voyage, and during their stay at Bonny, where they continued till the 6th April. They had observed no trace of ophthalmia among the natives; and it was not until fifteen days after they had set sail on the return voyage, and the vessel was near the Equator, that they perceived the first symptoms of this frightful malady. It was then remarked, that the negroes, who, to the number of one hundred and sixty, were crowded together in the hold, and between the decks, had contracted a considerable redness of the eyes, which spread with singular rapidity. No great attention was at first paid to these

* The title of this work is, “*Bibliothèque Ophtalmologique, ou Recueil d’Observations sur les Maladies des Yeux, faites à la Clinique de l’Institution Royale des Jeunes Aveugles, par Mons. Guille, Directeur General et Médecin en Chef de l’Institution Royale des Jeunes Aveugles de Paris, &c.*” “Avec des Notes par MM. Depuytreu, Pariset, &c.”

symptoms, which were thought to be caused only by the want of air in the hold, and by the scarcity of water, which had already begun to be felt. At this time they were limited to eight ounces of water a day for each person, which quantity was afterwards reduced to the half of a wine glass. By the advice of M. Maignan, the surgeon of the ship, the negroes, who had hitherto remained shut up in the hold, were brought upon deck in succession, in order that they might breathe a purer air. But it became necessary to abandon this expedient, salutary as it was, because many of those negroes, affected with nostalgia, (*i. e.* a passionate desire to revisit their native land,) threw themselves into the sea, locked in each other's arms.

“ ‘ The disease which had spread itself so rapidly and frightfully among the Africans, soon began to affect all on board, and to create alarms for the crew. The danger of infection, and perhaps the cause which produced the disease, were increased by a violent dysentery, attributed to the use of rain-water. The first of the crew who caught the infection, was a sailor who slept under the deck, near the grated hatch which communicated with the hold. The next day a landman was seized with ophthalmia; and, in three days more, the captain and almost the whole of the crew were infected by it.’

“ The means of cure which the surgeon employ-

ed are then detailed. They proved inefficient. ‘The sufferings of the people,’ the account goes on to state, ‘and the number of the blind, augmented every day; so that the crew, previously alarmed by the apprehension of a revolt among the negroes, were seized with the further dread of not being able to make the West Indies, if the only sailor who had hitherto escaped the contagion, and on whom their whole hope rested, should become blind like the rest. This calamity had actually befallen the *Leon*, a Spanish vessel, which the *Rodeur* met with on her passage, the whole of whose crew, having become blind, were under the necessity of altogether abandoning the direction of their ship. They entreated the charitable interference of the *Rodeur*; but the seamen of this vessel could not either quit her to go on board the *Leon*, on account of the cargo of negroes, nor receive the crew of the *Leon* on board the *Rodeur*, in which there was scarcely room for themselves. The difficulty of taking care of so large a number of sick in so confined a space, and the total want of fresh meat, and of medicines, made them envy the fate of those who were about to become the victims of a death which seemed to them inevitable, and the consternation was general.*

“ ‘The *Rodeur* reached Guadaloupe on the 21st

* “The *Leon* has not been since heard of, and, in all probability, was lost.”

of June, 1819, her crew being in a most deplorable condition. Three days after her arrival, the only man who, during the voyage, had withstood the influence of the contagion, and whom Providence appeared to have preserved as a guide to his unfortunate companions, was seized with the same malady. Of the negroes, thirty-nine had become perfectly blind, twelve had lost an eye, and fourteen were affected with blemishes more or less considerable. Of the crew, twelve lost their sight entirely, among whom was the surgeon; five became blind of one eye, one of them being the captain; and four were partially injured.' Of the captain, it is added, that 'he did not cease, in the midst of the greatest danger, to lavish his attentions on the negroes and the sailors, with a zeal and devotedness which exceeds all praise.'

"Such is the account of the voyage of the *Rondeur*, as given in this work. The following additional circumstances, connected with this transaction, though there omitted, probably because they illustrated no medical principle, have since been given to the public on very credible authority, and having met with no contradiction, may be assumed to be correct. It is stated, among other things, that the captain caused several of the negroes, who were prevented in the attempt to throw themselves overboard, to be shot and hung, in the hope that the example might deter the rest from a similar con-

duct. But even this severity proved unavailing; and it became necessary to confine the slaves entirely to the hold during the remainder of the voyage. It is further stated, that upwards of thirty of the slaves who became blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned, upon the principle that, had they been landed at Guadaloupe, no one would have bought them, and that the proprietors would consequently have incurred the expense of maintaining them, without the chance of any return. While, by throwing them overboard, not only was this certain loss avoided, but ground was also laid for a claim on the underwriters by whom the cargo had been insured; and who are said to have allowed the claim, and made good the value of the slaves thus destroyed.

“ Another most important fact, resting on the same authority, is, that the *Rodeur*, having returned to Havre, was refitted by the same owners, and despatched early in the last year on a second slave-voyage; and that the command of her has been given to the same captain who had her in charge on the former voyage.

“ The case of the *Rodeur*, it will be seen, exemplifies many of the horrors of the middle passage. It furnishes, likewise, a striking proof of the impunity with which the most open contraventions of the abolition laws have been committed in France. The facts of the case must have been well known in

Guadaloupe, where the slaves that remained alive are stated to have been sold. The case has also acquired great notoriety in France, by means of the above publication, and also of a petition, addressed to the Chamber of Deputies, in June, 1820, by M. Morenas, in which many of the above facts were detailed."

"On the 4th of March, 1820, after a long chase, a vessel was boarded by the boats of His Majesty's ship *Tartar*, commanded by Sir George Collier, which proved to be *La Jeune Estelle*, of Martinique, M. —, master. On being boarded, he declared that he had been plundered of his slaves, and that none remained aboard. His agitation and alarm, however, excited suspicion, and led to an examination of the vessel's hold. During this examination, a sailor, who struck a cask, which was tightly closed up, heard a faint voice issue from it, as of a creature expiring. The cask was immediately opened, when two girls, of about twelve or fourteen years of age, in the last stage of suffocation, were found to be inclosed in it, and by this providential interposition, were probably rescued from a miserable death.

"These girls, when brought on the deck of the *Tartar*, were recognised by a person on board, who had been taken prisoner in another slave-ship, as having been the property of the captain of a schooner belonging to New York. An investiga-

tion having taken place, it appeared that this American contrabandist had died at a place on the coast called Trade Town, leaving behind him fourteen slaves, of whom these two girls formed a part; and that, after his death, the master of the vessel had landed his crew, armed with swords and pistols, and carried these fourteen slaves on board the *Jeune Estelle*. Sir George Collier, conceiving that the other twelve slaves, who had been procured by this piratical act, might still be secreted in that vessel, ordered a fresh search. The result was, that a negro man, not, however, one of the twelve, was rescued from death. A platform of loose boards had been raised on the water-casks of the vessel, so as to form an *entre-pont*, or between decks, of twenty-three inches in height, which was the only space allotted for the accommodation of this unfortunate cargo of human beings, whom M. ——— intended to procure and carry from the coast. Beneath this platform, one of the boards resting on his body, jammed between two water-casks, appeared the above wretched individual, whom it was matter of astonishment to find alive. Sir George Collier was inclined to remove him on board the *Tartar*, as he had done the two girls: but M. ——— having proved that the poor African had been bought by him for eight dollars worth of brandy and iron, Sir George did not feel himself authorised to do so; although, had the vessel been capable of beating up

to Senegal, he would have sent her thither for judgment, as he had done the two former ships.

“With respect to the other twelve slaves taken by force from Trade Town, no distinct information could be obtained, beyond the assertion of M. ———, that he had been plundered of them by a Spanish pirate. But it was recollected with horror by the officers of the *Tartar*, that when they first began the chase of the *La Jeune Estelle*, they had seen several casks floating past them, in which they now suspected that these wretched beings might have been enclosed, having been thrown overboard by this man to elude the detection of his piratical proceedings. It was now impossible, however, to ascertain the fact, as the chase had led them many leagues to leeward; and, even after they had consumed the time which would have been necessary, by beating to windward, to reach the place where the chase commenced, there were many chances against their again seeing the casks, and not the slightest probability that any of the slaves inclosed in them, if they were so inclosed, would be found still alive.”

ALONSO.

THE sun had dropp'd beneath the wave, the Antilles lay at
rest,

Amid a sea of glory lay, like islands of the blest ;
And toward a ship at anchor there, a line of radiance spread ;
Meet pathway to those glorious homes, for spirits' feet to
tread.

One moment—then the enchantment fled, night sunk upon
the wave,

Upon the Spanish mariners, and the islands of the slave.

Oh ! many a dream was in the ship, and to romantic Spain,
Was many a sleeper welcomed back, by love and hope again ;
And many a youth, as on his ear the ocean-murmur fell,
Was listening to the fountain's flow, amid his native dell ;
And in the sweet airs from the land, his quicken'd spirit
breathed

The fragrance of the dewy flowers round one dear lattice
wreathed.

A youth of lineage high was there ; the bravest and the best
 Of those who had with Colon* dared the ocean of the west,
 Were blazon'd 'mid the ancestral train in his Castilian hall ;
 A noble race—Alonso yet was nobler than they all ;
 To his inheritance he came amid the western waves ;
 An island-kingdom his, and his a thousand subject slaves.

And sleep was upon him at length, and to his slumbering eye,
 The first discoverers of those isles came sweeping slowly by.
 He knew them by each stately form, when one by one they
 pass'd,
 As pictured in his father's hall, he gazed upon them last :
 But over some a glorious robe of heavenly light was thrown,
 Whilst others folded round themselves dark mantles of their
 own.

He thought they turn'd their eyes on him, but yet their train
 pass'd on,
 When bending o'er his couch of dreams he saw a shining one,
 Though brighten'd with immortal bloom, Alonso well could
 trace
 The features of the mild and good Las Casas' earthly face ;
 His silver tones had scarcely power the stillness deep to break,
 As to his youthful kinsman thus the heavenly vision spake :

“ In our dear country thou hast known, how in the hope to
 save
 These island-natives from a yoke, which bow'd them to the
 grave,

* The Spaniards know Columbus only as *Colon*.

I sent the licenced spoiler hence to bear from Afric's coast,
Her hardier children to supply the millions we had lost ;
And though for Jesus' sake my sin of ignorance was forgiven,
If tears could enter there, I still might weep for them in
heaven.

Then toward the east he spread his arms, and turn'd his
beaming eye,

As if he saw his father-land beneath the brightening sky.

" The time is surely come," he cried, " and this unholy stain
Shall rest on thee no more, on thee, my noble country,
Spain !"

He ceased—but on the sleeper's ear far dearer accents stole,
Which waken'd feelings long suppress'd, and thrill'd his in-
most soul.

It was that gentle voice which sang his infancy to sleep ;
The voice of her whom even yet he had not ceased to weep :
And lo ! his mother, beautiful as when she last had smiled,
With all a mother's holiest love, upon her only child ;
More beautiful her angel form could scarcely seem to him,
Though in its temper'd splendour now the stars themselves
were dim.

" My son, my dear, my cherish'd son ! thy filial heart I
know,

She said, " and that thy tears for me not yet have ceased to
flow :

Oh ! thou wilt surely feel for them who here in bondage
mourn —

The first and dearest earthly tie by worse than death upturn !

For mothers and their children, hear, my child, thy mother's
prayer !"—

Alonso tried to clasp the form—it melted into air.

Oh ! brightly shone the morning sun upon that tranquil sea,
As from their thrall the mariners were issuing joyously ;
But still more brightly shone that sun upon one favour'd isle,
Into a thousand glad hearts shone that now could feel his
smile !

They hail'd that sun-rise—ere it set, the island captives, free,
No longer wore the galling chains of sad captivity.

* * *

Sheffield, March 9, 1826.

SYMPATHY'S MITE.

ALTHOUGH talent and piety now combine their energy, for the welfare and emancipation of enslaved Africans, it is certain that many people, and even eye-witnesses of their situation, view it through a very imperfect medium, whilst others never investigate the subject.

Where mankind are not accounted brethren, the feelings become callous towards them, and degenerate into tyrannical barbarity. The human race, considered as links in one great chain, ought not to have their social comforts destroyed by coercion and oppression. May the conduct of Europeans evince their consciousness of the awful truth, that our actions must appear for, or against us, in the presence of the Judge of the whole earth: and the greatest profanation of Christianity, is professing, without practising, its precepts. When Gospel truths are adhered to, slavery will cease.

It is impossible for language to convey agonies unfelt, or describe distress, the bare recital of which

fills the mind with horror: yet some idea may be formed of the conflict sustained by a rational and susceptible being, when forced from his country, kindred, and all that renders life most dear. But we account him ignorant. Let us, then, individually inquire, if our endeavours to obviate this barrier have been theoretical or practical; whether our own value for scriptural knowledge is sufficient to elicit efforts for its dissemination amongst a people, varying from ourselves only in complexion. If we omit this, as well as other Christian duties, our conduct is widely different from that of the Apostle, who counted not his life dear, “whilst endeavouring to promote the salvation of others.” The injunction, “Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them,” is in a *positive* sense, and all men are accountable for its fulfilment; not excepting those who have, by example, subverted every disposition of rectitude amongst these untutored people, and treated them with shocking cruelty. The animal, impelled to labour by the whip, has no consciousness of the interminable duration of its misery,—has no predication beyond the present moment. But there is not a system, however degrading, that can entirely erase from the human breast the contemplation of futurity. Let us, then, unremittingly advocate the cause of that portion of suffering humanity, whose own voice is not heard or regarded; nor conclude that sympathy

thus excited on *their* account, will lessen the tender solicitude due to others. On the contrary, it will increase this bond of union, as well as yield the most delightful retrospection. Injured, oppressed Africans! many tears have been shed over your accumulated wrongs; many sleepless hours have been occupied in devising means to meliorate your condition; but every attempt must centre in fervent aspiration to Him who can change the heart; whose eye is over all his works, and who alone can enable erring mortals to place their hope and their dependence on things eternal. But however you may be despised or afflicted, we know that you are equally with ourselves the objects of redeeming love.

ETHIOPIA from afar,

Shall adore the sacred name;

Mercy break the cruel bar

That obstructs religion's flame.

Charity responsive glows,

Ardour fills the throbbing breast;

Mourns the wretched captive's woes,

Pants to see those woes redress'd.

Pensive thought awakes to languish

O'er the mass of human ill;

Weeps the abject negro's anguish,

Crush'd beneath a tyrant's will.

Ocean's deep, resistless tide,
 Covers many a lovely gem ;
 Nor can complexion virtue hide—
 Noble actions shine in them.

Who could count the hollow groans
 Wafted o'er the Atlantic wave,
 With the deep and bitter moans—
 Ceasing only in the grave !

Unobserved his sighs may heave,
 Silent may his tears descend ;
 Will none such agony relieve ?
 No one prove the negro's friend ?

If by age and sorrow hoary,
 His food may yet be angel's bread ;
 For him a Saviour left his glory,—
 For him a dear Redeemer bled.

Oh ! may the Gospel's joyful sound,
 Hours of grief and labour cheer ;
 Religion's holy flame be found
 To smooth the fetters he must wear :

Bereft of every earthly joy,
 Hope, sweetly rise to things above ;
 Where no distracting cares annoy,
 Where all is harmony and love.

S.

THE NEGRO SLAVE.

OH thou poor negro ! cease the viol's strain,
Away the harp, the tabret, and the lute ;
Amid their swell we heard the shriek of pain ;
Then let, Oh, let the voice of song be mute.

Hence with the feast—the wine-cup too, depart,
The juice-empoison'd, and the mead of health,
Lest from the glittering goblet hydras start,
To sting the wretch now battenning in his wealth.

For on our festal hour a form appear'd ;
The curse of man his branded forehead bore—
His bosom with the scorching iron sear'd,
His fetter'd limbs defiled with streaming gore.

Bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, thou art,
Co-heritor of kindred being thou ;
From the full tide that warm'd one mother's heart,
Thy veins and ours received the genial flow.

But thou dost wake when we in sleep are laid,
And raise with many a pang our nectar'd food ;
For our rich sweets the accursed price was paid,
Of all thy groans, thy tortures, and thy blood.

För all thou lackest, nought hast thou to pay,
Raiment, nor silver, house, nor lands, are thine ;
Thou canst but clasp thy fetter'd hands and say,
“ Pity my sufferings,—oh ! be freedom mine.”

To slight that humble prayer we may not choose,
Lest our last trembling plea our judge deny ;
We dare not spurn it lest our God refuse
Our prayer for mercy when to Him we cry.

Fell pride at thee hath struck its barbed sting,
Oh ! might our feet by nature's impulse move,
Kindness and pity (oil and wine) to bring,
And clasp the negro with the arms of love.

Alas, our brother !—hush the feeble strain,
We hear the knotted scourge, the dying cry ;
Yonder the torturer's hand, the clanking chain ;
Fly to the rescue ! lingering loiterer, fly !

* * *

Near Sheffield, March, 1826.



SPEECH ON SLAVERY,

**INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN DELIVERED AT THE PUBLIC MEETING,
HELD AT SHEFFIELD, JAN. 18, 1835.**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEGRO'S FRIEND.

SIR,—I find it impossible fully to express the deep interest which I felt in the proceedings of the late meeting on the subject of slavery. They were such, however, as had determined me, before it was concluded, to give vent to them in the best manner that I could. I rose with the notes in my hand which I had then made. I had just opened my mouth to vociferate “*Mr. Chairman,*” when Mrs. F., who sat next me, gave me several smart pulls by the coat. This stopped me. “My dear,” said she, in a half whisper, “what *are* you going to do? Don’t you see that all the ladies, and some of the gentlemen, are very impatient to be gone. You know that I told Betty to have the dinner ready

by two o'clock, and now you see that it is half past. I've been sitting upon thorns this half hour; for I am very sure the dinner must be nearly spoiled." Now, though I care as little about dinner as most people, I am always very careful to preserve peace and harmony. I therefore sat down, and prepared to depart, for I saw that it was really as my wife had said. At the same time, I am persuaded that she was rather alarmed for fear that I should (as my habit is) tell truth in somewhat too strong terms. As, however, I feel convinced, that, on this occasion, the truth was not *half* told; and as I am sure that the *whole* ought to be told, I have committed my intended speech to paper, and have embraced this opportunity of laying it before the public.—I remain, very respectfully,

Sir, your obedientservant,

JOHN FREEMAN.

Mr. Chairman,—From all that I had heard and read upon the subject, I was fully convinced in my own mind, before I came hither, that the West India slaves are, of all human beings, the most oppressed and the most miserable; and that those who are instrumental in placing and keeping them in that state of bondage, are, of all human beings, the most inhuman, if not the most wicked. In this opinion, I have been confirmed by every thing that hath been now said. Not one of the numerous

speakers who have preceded me, but what has admitted that West India slavery is totally repugnant to Christianity, and therefore highly offensive in the sight of God. Yet, notwithstanding all this, one, and one only of all these gentlemen, has had the firmness and the consistency to declare, that *therefore* West India slavery ought to be *instantly and totally abolished*.

Sir, I came hither, as I supposed all others did, to advocate the cause of the helpless and the injured. I came not hither, Sir, like an advocate at the bar, to try to make white appear black, fraud honesty, truth falsehood, or profligacy purity. No, Sir, I came hither to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, without partiality, and without respect to persons. I care not, Sir, whether a man be a great man or a little man, a rich man or a poor man; if he be an *oppressor*, I would tell him so, and the more freely, if he were of the former class. My Bible instructs me, that when a man sins, he ought to be reprov'd before all, that others also may fear. How strong are the denunciations of woe by our blessed Saviour against the great men of his day, who, among other species of oppression, *bound heavy burdens, laying them on other men's shoulders, while they themselves would not touch them with one of their fingers*. It has been, Sir, in a great measure owing to our not fol-

lowing his example in this instance, that oppression has been hitherto perpetuated.

I must confess, then, Sir, that I was a good deal surprised and discouraged, on being told, at the opening of this meeting, (from authority which I highly respect,) that we ought to be particularly on our guard not to say any thing that might be construed as disrespectful to the West India proprietors and planters. I am, Sir, as strong an advocate for the practice of universal *love*, as any one here: but I cannot practise it in the perfection that our Saviour did; and you have now heard how *He* evinced it. Let no man suppose that those are always his enemies who tell him the truth. Love is sometimes as strongly evinced by reproof, and even correction, as by praise and reward. I know, Sir, of no body of men, whose conduct so loudly calls for severe and plain honest reproof, as those proprietors and planters; even their own welfare, comfort, and reputation, imperiously require it; while the wrongs and the sufferings of eight hundred thousand of helpless, oppressed, and innocent human beings, are daily and hourly crying aloud to us, across the Atlantic Ocean, to come over and help them. Look at them, Sir! See them! Men, women, and children, with tearful eyes, with uplifted hands, with branded and bleeding bodies, with lacerated feet and clanking chains, supplicating you,

and all of us, on their bended knees, to see them righted! On the other hand, Sir, look at those men of wealth, in all the splendour of eastern magnificence, it may be with glittering stars on their breasts, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day,—and then, Sir, think that this luxury is in part the product of the sweat, the blood, and the lives of the poor Lazars, lying full of sores, in a burning climate, at the doors of the menials of these great men, in vain desiring to be fed with the crumbs that may fall even from *their* tables. Which of these two classes of human beings, Sir, I would ask, most powerfully claims our pity, our love, and our delicate handling? The oppressor or the oppressed?

Had these great rich men, Sir, shewn, by their *actions*, any sincere intention of lessening, and eventually of doing away with this system of wickedness and oppression, there would be *something* to say in their favour: but so far from that being the case, they have, year after year, during almost half a century, in despite of their often-repeated promises, not only disregarded the solicitations of all classes of their countrymen, but they have even opposed the commands of their rulers, bearding them by a resistance which has never, in any other instance, either been permitted or attempted. Nay, they have collected, and are daily collecting, among themselves, money, to a very large amount, to hire mercenary

authors and publishers to support, by falsehood, misrepresentation, and abuse, that cause which, they are well aware, cannot endure the searching light of truth. That these gentlemen are not themselves on the place, the perpetrators of all these abominable atrocities, makes nothing for *them*, while it makes the lot of the *sufferers* many times worse than it otherwise would be. The absentee proprietors are avoiding all the heart-harrowing horrors of the sight of such misery; while, at the same time, they are thereby increasing it to others.

Sir, I cannot conceive that any great degree of delicacy is called for in speaking of the conduct of these gentlemen, who do not scruple to employ hired mercenary scribblers, to traduce and vilify the conduct of the best men whom this country produces, merely because they have dared to espouse the cause of the most oppressed of all the human race. All, however, that these wretched mercenary scribblers have been able to do, is either to call names, or to assert falsehoods, most of which they have afterwards been compelled to retract. Mr. Chairman, I cannot help but admire the modesty and consistency of these humane gentlemen; for, at the same time that they resort to all these base and expensive measures to bolster up their system of slavery, they do not scruple to affirm, that West India property is, on the whole, a *losing concern*, as it is now managed. And well it may be: for

when did iniquity prosper? But mark their singular modesty:—for giving up this losing wicked system, (if compelled to it,) they demand *indemnification*; viz. somewhere about (for a few millions more or less do not much signify with them) *thirty millions sterling*!

Messieurs Proprietors and Planters, we humbly thank you! A very liberal offer, all things considered! Pray, gentlemen, will you please to tell me, what indemnification one of your poor slaves gets, when (having been unjustly and severely flogged by one of your humane and enlightened drivers) he applies to one of the appointed *protectors* of the negroes, the *fiscals*? Why, Sir, though he may have twenty witnesses to prove the fact, if your driver or overseer deny it, he is immediately indemnified by a *repetition of the flogging*. This soon cures him of all desire for obtaining indemnification, and in future he gently sits down, or, if he cannot sit, lies down, with *one* flogging, whether he has deserved it or not. Now really, Mr. Chairman, I cannot but think, though the system is certainly a bad one, *something* might be learned even from it. Suppose, for instance, when these alarmed, but unhurt gentlemen, come with their imaginary complaints, and requiring indemnification, one of their own drivers were ordered, *in the same way*, to stop any repetition of such *unreasonable* demands? There can be no doubt but that it would be as effectual, and as just, as in

the other instance. I have said *unreasonable*, because I am *sure*, that if it be not their own faults, the planters will be most highly *benefited* by a prudent and judicious change from slave to free labour.

People run away, Mr. Chairman, (and the traducers of the abolitionists encourage them,) with an idea, that emancipation means a freeing from all restraints. Sir, no rational man ever entertained so absurd an idea: slaves may be made free without being set at liberty from their masters. Laws could, of course, be enacted to restrain all improper conduct on their part, both in and out of working hours. But they would be paid for their labour; their little cabin would be their castle; they could not be bought or transferred without their own consent. Their wives and their daughters would be protected from insult. They could acquire and retain property. They would feel themselves *accountable*, and they would become *rational* creatures. All this, Sir, might be done almost instantly, without injury to any one; nay, without one-tenth part of the danger which now hourly attends the situation of the white inhabitants of the West India islands.

Sir, the idiot-cry of "*first prepare the slaves for freedom, and then set them free,*" with which we have been cajoled during the last forty years, will, I hope, serve for a bugbear no longer. Sir, we

might as well say, "prepare the country clowns for being soldiers, and then make them soldiers."

Why, Sir, if you were to try till doomsday, you would never succeed; first make them soldiers, and they may presently be drilled to acquit themselves as such. Sir, you may take all the pains that ever you can, throughout life, to make a man, who is following the plough from morning till night, behave like a gentleman, and be never the nearer. But make him a gentleman, give him at once five thousand a-year, and he must be an uncommonly stupid dolt indeed, if, in three weeks, he be not fit company for one half the gentry in the country. In fact, Sir, it is opportunity and circumstances which form the man. *While men are slaves they never can be rendered fit for freedom.* Make them free, and they will be found to be fit for it in a very short time. Happily, Sir, this can now be *proved*. If the West India proprietors and planters dared, for one moment, to cast their eyes on St. Domingo, they would there see an irrefragable proof of this; and if they do not, by speedily emancipating their slaves, prevent such a catastrophe, they will soon have proof, likewise that negroes are not only fit for freedom themselves, but fit also to give freedom to others.

Sir, it is very usual for the vilifiers of the abilities of the negro race, when they have any slaves to sell, to describe them in their advertisements, as being

workmen, (carpenters and others,) *of the very first qualifications*. Another proof of the consistency of these disinterested gentlemen. That it is *slavery* which stupifies, is, Sir, very clear; for, we are informed by those who have had ample opportunity of witnessing it, that no negro slave can possibly be more brutalized, and apparently *unfit for freedom*, than white Christian slaves in Algiers are.

By the bye, Mr. Chairman, this reminds me of the consistency of our *Legislature*, in which, unhappily, there is such an abundant leaven of West India interest, as has served to leaven, in some degree, the whole lump. If it were not for this, there is such a natural antipathy in Britons to slavery and oppression, that, if they could not remedy it by any other means, they would resort, as they did at Algiers, to force of arms to effect it.

What the Algerines might, on that occasion, think of our *humanity*, when their palaces, their castles, their mosques, and their houses, were tumbling, flaming over their heads, because they would not instantly emancipate *their slaves*, I cannot tell. Neither, Sir, am I enabled to say how our legislators settled the matter with their own consciences. There was nothing said, in this instance, about either preparing the slaves for freedom, or granting indemnification to their owners. This was a sort of slap-dash emancipation. I don't apprehend that the Algerines are likely *very soon* to be able to re-

turn the compliment; otherwise, one could hardly think it unjust in them, Sir, to sail up the Thames, and demand, at once, the entire emancipation of all the West India slaves, their (African) countrymen; or else batter down the *little* town of London altogether. I hardly can conceive how the Whigs and Tories in St. Stephen's Chapel would feel themselves during the bombardment. Perhaps some of these noble lords and honourable gentlemen might be ready to exclaim, with Joseph's conscience-struck brethren, "We are verily guilty *concerning our brother*, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." Nay, verily, Mr. Chairman, I cannot, for the life of me, discover any greater right that we Europeans have to steal and hold in slavery the poor unoffending Africans, than the Africans have to enslave Europeans; unless it be said, that it is because we are *Christians*, and they are Mahomedans.

Really, Mr. Chairman, I don't like to give these Turks the advantage over us. I have hitherto been led to consider Christianity as the purest of all religions; teaching us to "do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God." But, Sir, when I reflect on these things, and see such an assembly as this, composed of, perhaps, the most Christian part of this Christian town, met together to deliberate about the best way of continuing (for

some little while longer at least) to commit, what is acknowledged by all present to be injustice, cruelty, oppression, and wickedness, I know neither how to describe my feelings, nor account for the strange inconsistency between profession and practice. We all *profess to be Christians*. We have all admitted that West India slavery is, in its very nature, incompatible with Christianity; and that it is not only wicked in itself, but that it is likewise the fruitful parent of every species of wickedness whatever. We all admit, that no earthly inducement ought to tempt us to the continuance, for a single moment, of any practice which is acknowledged to be wicked; the judgments of God being denounced against all who transgress; and his promises extended to all who obey his commands.

Much, Mr. Chairman, is *said* in these days respecting the efficacy of *faith*. Sir, I should be very glad to find more of it in *practice*. We are willing enough to make sacrifices of those things which cost us nothing; but when, as in this case, we are called upon for any *seemingly* personal or expensive offering, we begin to cast about for some subterfuge, by which to evade it. We know that God hath promised to make all things work together for good to those who love and obey him; and we admit that nothing can prosper without *his* especial blessing. We know, too, that God is *able* to do whatever he promiseth to do. By Him were

all things created: *He* laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of *his* hands. The angels are his ministering spirits. He openeth his hand, and filleth all things living with plenteousness. Yet this God, we dare not trust. Are we not, then, *timid* Christians? Nay, are we not something worse? Daring sinners! *Our* God, it seems, is Mammon; and we cannot serve two Gods. The god of this world hath blinded our eyes: or else we should perceive that slavery, so far from adding to the prosperity of any state, hath invariably been a curse to every one connected with it. No country, in which slavery existed, ever stood fast and prospered.

If the West India islands, Sir, could not be retained, and cultivated, without *slavery*, it were better for this country that they were sunk to the bottom of the sea. But they can, and they will be free. The people of this nation may be slow in arriving at the knowledge of the truth; but having once discovered it, they will not let it go. They have, in this instance, been misled by conspirators. A wretched fear of doing wrong, of being rash, hath restrained them from doing right: but the hour is come, when the mask will be taken off, and the quackery will be exposed.

Mr. Chairman, I must apologise for trespassing a little longer on the indulgence of the meeting. Many of the most earnest advocates for abolition,

who admit the iniquity of negro slavery, and its consequent offensiveness in the sight of God, nevertheless shrunk, in this instance, from even entertaining the thought of conciliating his favour, by an *immediate* forsaking of that which is admitted by them to be wicked. “By an *immediate* abolition,” they exclaim, “you would be *injuring the negroes themselves!*” What, I would ask, if God Almighty decreed to the contrary? Cannot He who lifteth the needy from the dunghill, who raiseth the poor out of the dust, setting them with princes, prevent evil from resulting to the meanest and most helpless, when He pleases?

Surely, they must have strange ideas on the subject of emancipation, who conceive that it will place the slaves in some state worse for them than slavery itself. I should be glad to learn where, in this world, such a state is to be found. Experience, on the contrary, has in many instances shewn that slaves may be emancipated, (common precautions being taken,) without the risk of mischief to any one: but I fear, Sir, that the fact is, *we* have but *little* faith. While the great enemy of mankind seems to have nothing to offer us, we hesitate not to tell him to get behind us; but when he takes us up to an exceeding high mountain, and shews us all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, we at once fall down and worship him. We dare then to take the price of blood; and not only

to cast it ⁷ into the treasury, but likewise to put it into our own pockets.

Once, Sir, let serious Christians admit, that any acknowledged flagrant wickedness may be retained, for a single day, on any plea whatever, whether of expediency, profit, or fear, either by nations or by individuals; and they thereby throw the door wide open to the practice of all iniquity. The drunkard, the extortioner, the Sabbath-breaker, the robber, and the murderer, may all urge the same, or similar pleas.

In an assembly of Christians, Sir, it is not needful, I hope, to adduce instances to prove the power and superintending care of the Almighty: if it were, on looking round, and seeing, as I do, so many of that highly respectable body of Christians, *the Society of Friends*, I could, at any rate, be at no loss. *They*, in the beginning, forsook all worldly advantages: they endured the scorn, the derision, and the persecution of almost all men, rather than continue to do that which they believed to be wicked: and what hath been the result? Have *they* had any reason to repent of having confided in *Him* whom they determined to obey? I believe that no one, who now hears me, will think that they have. When, in evil times, in order to attain the privilege of worshipping God unmolested in their own way, they sought the distant inhospitable shores of a new world,—the abode of the most warlike

tribes of savage Indians, they resolved to do so *unarmed*. They believed it wicked to resist, as well as wicked to attack; and they trusted to God alone for protection. They did wisely. He who closed the mouths of the lions, while the prophet rested in safety among them, turned the hearts of the savages to friendship and peace towards the people who had trusted in *Him*. During the whole of the time that the administration remained in the hands of these men of *faith*, (seventy years,) no blood was shed in hostility.

Sir, I know that it is often said, “We may safely leave these things to the deliberation of Parliament, who must be better judges than we can possibly be of what is right and practicable.” I deny the assertion. Parliament is not the best judge; because, in this case, it is not impartial, being warped by a strong bias of West India property and interest, which it will require the most powerful efforts of the people to counteract. Neither are these objectors themselves so full of confidence in Parliament on other occasions, even where the legislature really might be supposed to be the best judge. On the contrary, where their own interests or party feelings are involved, these delicate gentlemen are among the first to dictate to Parliament what measures to pursue.

It will not be long, I trust, before the legislature will be called upon, from many quarters, to put

away from these nations, *immediately* and *totally*, the crying and disgraceful sin and wickedness of SLAVERY. More just views of the folly and effrontery of attempting to do less, are daily gaining ground. We have, for forty years, been applying to *man*, instead of *God*, to aid us. We have made our choice, and what has been done? We have sown (millions of money) to the wind, and we have reaped the whirlwind. We have continued to sin determinedly, as it were with a cart-rope; ay, with a cart-whip too, even while we were at the very time execrating and deploring the existence of such wickedness among us. We have kept calling continually upon *man*, who possessed neither the power nor the will to come and help us; while we neglected, nay, insulted *God*, who both could and would have long ago rid us of this degrading and polluting yoke, which is as injurious, as it is disgraceful, to our own highly favoured land.

The *work*, however, *God* will eventually accomplish, either by us, or in spite of us. Let us, then, beware in time, how (as it were) we drive Him to the latter alternative; for we shall in that case find it a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the *Living God*, when He shall arise in his wrath, to shake terribly the earth.

Sheffield, February, 1826.



WORD FOR THE NEGRO.

"Lies are against *thee* ranged, but lies shall fail!
Thine is the cause of truth, and must prevail:

* * * * *

And God is truth, who reigns supreme above;
Thine is the cause of Love, and 'God is love.'"

SWEET was the toil that nursed the earth's first flowers,
And cultured Eden's amaranthine bowers;
But when the voice of God in vengeance brake,
"Curst be the ground that bare thee for thy sake,"
Then man, in sorrow, ate the bread of toil,
And thorns and thistles clad the barren soil.
But many a drop of mercy God hath blent
Within the appointed cup of punishment.
Still on the thorn unfolds the vernal rose,
And joys of labour mingle with its woes.
For this, amid the purple bowers of France,
The vintage gatherers trip the airy dance.

For this, when tottering on the winding road,
The ponderous waggons creak beneath their load ;
And, slow through England's plenteous valleys come
The cheeiful songs and shouts of harvest home.
For this, " When evening closes nature's eye,"
The joys of rest, the sweets of liberty—
A warmer smile adorns the matron's face,
The yearling infant runs with tottering pace,—
With arms uplifted, runs in clamorous glee,
And quits its mother's for its father's knee.
Then sweet the beverage that her hand distill'd,
The produce of the field his labour till'd !
Thus, when our sun declines his western way,
Outmeasuring half the circle of the day,
Anticipation nerves the rustic's arm,
Disperses care, and makes his labour charm.
Then,—when *his* gladden'd heart beats light within,
The *negro's* shrieks, the *negro's* groans begin !
Above the clustering isles that softly rest,
Like glittering gems, upon the Atlantic's breast ;
Abroad, in full magnificence of light,
Bursts the fierce orb with torrid splendour bright.
There, to the dregs, unmingled, are drunk up
The dire ingredients of the bitter cup.
Beneath the glories of those golden skies,
Earth yields her treasures,—purchased, ere they rise,
(Oh ! curse more dreadful than the primal ban—)
Not by the sweat, but by the *blood* of man.
There, swiftly as the winged shaft is sent,
Are nature's strongest ties asunder rent.

The mother weeps to see her offspring's face,
 Heir to the sorrows of an outcast race !
 O'erloaded, there, is death's insatiate maw ;
 There man, protected by the arm of law,
 (Oh ! gentler they who loose the tiger's cage,
 And offer food to glut the serpent's rage !)
 To scare, to rend, to torture, and to kill,
 Seizes his living victims at his will:
 Each evil passion, that within the breast
 Of Adam's offspring has its serpent's nest,
 Darts its fierce sting, an unresisted woe,
 Not like the serpent on the serpent's foe ;
 But fellow upon fellow, man on man.

* * * * *

Regions of horror !—yet your shrieks I hear ;
 Your yell of anguish breaks upon my ear.
 Leave, then, its victim in the serpent's fang ;
 Save not the kid on which the tiger sprang !
 But woe to him who passes on his way,
 Nor aids the wretch whom *man* has made his prey,
 Who turns aside, nor lifts the pleading cry,
 Though winds be listeners, and the rocks reply !

* * * * *

Who sits upon the desert throne, forlorn
 As Rachel, weeping for her youngest born ?
 I know thee, mourning mother ! far though spread
 The bright tiara of thy plumed head ;
 Though varying pearls amid thy vest be placed,
 And gold barbaric glitter on thy waist ;
 By right in honour high, a queen by birth ;

I know thee for the outcast of the earth,
 Scorn'd by her offspring ;—they, the great, the free,
 Whom the world worships, shoot the lip at thee :
 At thee, where man has being far or near,
 A by-word, and a proverb every where :
 The veriest wretch on whom the sunbeams shine,
His name a mockery, flings reproach at *thine*.
 No merchants now, with gems and precious store,
 With gold and purple hasten to thy shore.
 No legates throng, no princes bow the knee,
 No ships resort, no minstrels sing of thee ;
 Extinguish'd is the lustre of thy fame,
 Thy shores despoil'd, thy Carthage but a name !—

* * * * *

Ill-fated Afric !—long from year to year
 Thy children died, unhonour'd by a tear.
 Fresh from their work of blood the murderers rose,
 No murmur spake perdition to thy foes.
 Long was that space,—at length the negro's groans
 Stirr'd in the hearts of some who caught their tones.
 They heard within the voice of nature rise,
 Which said, it is thy brother's tongue that cries.
 To rescue, forth they rush'd,—aghast they stood,
 Fear-struck recoiling from the negro's blood.
 Then did the indignant cry in thunder break,
 (The voice of nature will in thunder speak !)
 And monarchs trembled at the o'erpowering sound,
 And nations heard, and senates shook around,
 And widely struck, by the victorious spell,
 From negro limbs the enslaving shackles fell.

In youth awoke, those offspring of the free,
And now their heads are grey, who pled for thee ;
But dauntless still, and watchful for alarms,
The unwearied champions slumber on their arms ;
And more shall rise, defenders yet unborn,
The children at their fathers' altars sworn.
Lies are against thee ranged, but lies shall fail ;
Thine is the cause of truth, and must prevail,
Since lies are his who only for an hour
Rules with permitted sway, divided power :
But God is truth, who reigns supreme above ;
Thine is the cause of love, and " God is love."

I saw the end of time, the incipient birth
Of the new heavens, and new-created earth.
I saw the negroes' Saviour, spurn'd as they
Who trod " A pilgrim on the world's highway :"
No more a man of sorrows, pains and woes,
But come in clouds for judgment on his foes.
Myriads of sleepers over earth's wide bound
Awoke together at the trumpet's sound.
Throes, thicker than her waves, toss'd ocean's bed,
As from the scatter'd waters rose her dead.
Cities, by earthquakes swallow'd and subdued,
Gave to the day again their multitude.
Atoms, dispersed by storm, by flood, by rain,
The winds that parted first, combined again.
The graves were open'd through their secret space,
And the earth look'd at once on all her race.

Then fell the stedfast tombs where Nilus springs,
And from their caverns rose a hundred kings ;
Blind devotees, who gave their lives for nought,
Beneath the crushing wheels of Juggernaut ;
On Indian plains awaken'd to the view
Of the One Only God they never knew.
Persians, who served the sun with servile knee,
Offering the incense of idolatry,
Awoke to see the failing sun grow dim,
And God alone shine forth, who guided him.
Whole hosts stood up where Cannæ's field was won ;
Again two armies peopled Marathon.
Consuls and senators on Roman plains
Rose at the trumpet's voice in lengthening trains,
And Roman gods, awaken'd at its call,
To wait the sentence of the God of all.
Kings stood together with their thousands slain,
And fallen Cæsar rear'd his head again.
Then Alfred, with his Saxon myriads rose ;
Where Babel stood, unnumber'd graves unclose ;
The earth that shelter'd Eve, resign'd its trust,
And parent Adam rose again from dust.

The day was spent, the sever'd goats were told,
And the sheep shelter'd in their Shepherd's fold.
The king had put His crown of beauty on,
His chosen jewels round his forehead shone.
I saw the accepted throng, whose course was trod,
The saints, that stood before the throne of God.
Sages, who traced the stars, and mark'd the race
Of flaming comets through the depths of space,

But own'd the hand that wheel'd them round the zone,
Now, when the stars were quench'd, for ever shone.
The helpless lazar now, who wont to wait,
A slighted suppliant at the rich man's gate,
Here, through that door where none shall knock in vain,
Had entered inward with the marriage train.
Prophets, whose eye rejoicing, caught afar
The distant glimmerings of Messiah's star,
Transported, fell before the throne of grace,
Lost in the sunshine of their Saviour's face,
With kings, who fear'd the Almighty judgment-seat,
And cast their crowns before the Saviour's feet.

Saw I the negro?—yea, I saw him there,
In those white robes the Saviour's followers wear,
With those who sought him lost in heathen night,
And led the negro to his Saviour's sight.
From Guinea's coast, from Ethiop's farthest land,
From Whidah's hills, from Zaara's burning sand,
From Congo's woods they met, from Niger's fount,
A mighty multitude, whom none could count !
Yes, *them*, when their betrayers all were fled,
When their accusers durst not raise their head,
The spurn'd, the abject, and the hopeless,—*them*
The Judge of quick and dead did not condemn.
And oh ! lorn sufferer, under curse and ban,
Poor outcast from the family of man !
Neither do we condemn thee :—go and know,
That Britain's mightiest sons have struck the blow !
Her mightiest, for her worthiest, (truth shall speak
Where she is recreant, there her hand is weak,)

And hundreds more, unseen in every part,
Conjured, are ready at their call to start ;
And urge, combined, assured, at home, afar,
The sacred, sworn, immitigable war ;
Till Love, and Truth, and Mercy, conquer all,
And proud oppression totter to its fall.

M. R.

Sheffield, March 10, 1825.

SEBASTIAN,
OR
THE TABLES TURNED.

It may appear strange, that a foreigner, in thus giving so wonderful a relation as the following, to the British nation, should pass over many things, which the reader will be convinced, would have been interesting, and which must have come under the observation of the writer. *Why* he has done so, will sufficiently appear in the course of the narrative. If ever he should have the opportunity of giving the full history, either to this or to his native country, it will be found replete with information of the most extraordinary nature. The reasons which have induced him to write and publish the present little work in *English*, will be very evident to all who peruse it.

My name is Sebastian ; my father was a chemist in Lisbon. I was brought up with him in the business till I was about nineteen years of age, when my father died. He left me possessed of a competency. My mother died when I was very young. To chemistry, as an *art*, I was peculiarly attached: as a *business*, I did not like it ; nor did I long continue it as such. I retired to a small house and laboratory in the outskirts of the city, where I amused myself with making many experiments.

Of all other objects, the manufacture of a balloon, of a very superior construction to any that had ever yet been made, was for a long time *that* which engaged my attention the most frequently, and the most powerfully. I at length believed that I had succeeded far beyond my most sanguine expectation. I had exhibited it partially inflated to many persons of the first rank and abilities. All expressed themselves much pleased with it, conceiving that its facility of ascension would far exceed any other; indeed, I had but little doubt of its taking up three persons at once, to a very considerable height and distance.

The distracted state of the country, however, caused me to postpone the experiment for some time at least. It then appeared probable that the French army would soon be in possession of Lisbon. These alarms, however, were, for the present, dissipated by the decisive victory of Vimiera, obtained

over them by the English, under Sir Arthur Wellesley. The joy which was manifested on that occurrence, by all ranks of people, can scarcely be imagined by those who have not, in the course of their lives, experienced some reverse of the same kind.

I was standing at the gate of my little garden the morning after the battle, when I saw two soldiers slowly approaching, carrying with great care a litter on which was laid a young English officer. He appeared composed, but scarcely alive. I asked them if they were provided with quarters. One of them who appeared to be the officer's servant, answered, with tears in his eyes, that they were not. I desired them to bring the officer into my house. In anticipation of something of the kind, I had had my spare rooms prepared, and the officer was soon laid on a bed in one of them on the ground floor. I gave him a little cordial, and he in some degree revived. He had received a bullet in the hip. The wound, however, I was convinced, would not, of itself, prove mortal; but I soon saw that his consumptive habit would assist it in quickly terminating his existence. The surgeon of the regiment soon visited him, and expressed himself not only highly satisfied with all that I had done, but decidedly of the same opinion respecting the state of the patient.

I never heard an officer so highly spoken of as

Captain Stirling was by the surgeon, nor did I ever witness the same degree of anxious attention paid by any man to another as his servant shewed to him. He was falling a sacrifice to a too scrupulous attention to his duty.

The calls of the other officers, and the inquiries of the soldiers, soon became very frequent. For myself I felt more than common affection for him. His gratitude to me was unbounded. He spoke Portuguese like a native. I cannot forget, yet I cannot describe the interesting loveliness and composure of his countenance. The most excruciating pain served to alter it but very little. He was fully aware that he was not to continue much longer in this world, and all his anxious, or rather earnest desires, were after the concerns of another.

I had long been disgusted with many things attached to the religion of my country. I saw them undermining religion itself. I was, therefore, prepared to view with complacency a practice of greater purity. I knew this amiable officer to be a condemned heretic, and his religion to be denounced by the church as an abomination; but the latter appeared to me more spotless, and the former more like his Divine Master, than any that I had before witnessed. He never spoke disrespectfully of the Catholic religion, nor did he ever condemn me for continuing in it. He was content to shew me a better way, and I could not but perceive that it

was such. He had brought Portuguese New Testaments with him, and, at my request, presented me with one. I understood that there was not a man in his Company who had not a Bible, or who could not read it.

I had another bed set up in the room, in which his servant and myself slept alternately. He came at last to have few, if any, reservations with me. On my expressing my wonder that one, with such religious feelings, should continue a military life, he replied, “ My dear Sebastian, I am not surprised at your observation. I have often reflected on the subject myself; but I have always held myself at God’s disposal, most anxious to do my duty in that situation in which it should please *Him* to place and to continue me. I believe that I was so placed and so continued by Him. I trust that it hath been my endeavour so to do my duty in it, as to prove that even a *soldier* may be a *Christian*. I do not think that any situation in life, my dear Sebastian, affords so many opportunities of profitably practising every Christian virtue in the highest degree. No situation is so calculated to convince the reflecting Christian, that the power of Omnipotence alone can save. No other situation, perhaps, so fully convinces every such character, that without God for his friend, he must indeed be friendless. Oh, my dear Sebastian! accustom yourself constantly to walk with God. Let Him

be about your path and about your bed continually. Seek Him, look to Him, and you will be sure to love Him. That love, my dear friend, will soon become so perfect, that it will cast out *fear*. You will feel none of that slavish dread, which accompanies the love that you entertain for any earthly exalted creature. It will be so pure, so sweet, and assuring, that you would not exchange it for the highest of earthly gratifications. It will not leave you either in pain, in sorrow, or in trouble of any kind. A soldier's life, Sebastian, is indeed a life of trial. If I should live till God sees good to release me from it, I shall be thankful; if not, I trust that my dying a soldier, will not exclude me from either the benefits of the death of Christ, or the favour of God. It is the religion of the *heart*, I believe, my dear friend, to which God looks. How far forms or ceremonies may, under particular circumstances, be necessary, I pretend not now to judge. But that they are not *essential*, I feel fully assured. They need not, however, to be destructive of it. Do not let us, under any circumstances, be severe in censuring those sincere Christians who differ from us in opinions. They *may* be right: at any rate, we cannot be wrong in abstaining from unnecessarily offending them. I have never quarrelled with the religious practices of my countrymen. I wish that I had not more reason to lament their *irreligious* ones.

“ During the course of my service, Sebastian, I have had some opportunities of witnessing, and many of reflecting on, the dreadful nature of *slavery*, particularly as it exists in our West India islands. I am so much a lover of my country, and so much convinced that the curse of God will ever attend that abominable practice, that I had determined, whenever God afforded me opportunity, to devote my best efforts to its abolition. That opportunity, it is probable, will now never be afforded me on earth. It may appear to you, Sebastian, as savouring of enthusiasm; nevertheless, I must declare, that I feel a presentiment that *you*, little as you may hitherto have thought upon the subject, will be afforded an opportunity of serving, in that instance, my beloved native country. Should that be the case, do not, my dear friend, refuse the request: it may be the dying request of one who dearly loves you; which is, that you will, to the very utmost of your power, improve the opportunity afforded you.”

This address was delivered, of course, with many interruptions; and when the sufferer ceased to speak, he fainted with exhaustion. His feelings had supported him beyond his natural strength. Mine, too, had kept me from checking him as I ought to have done. From this time he rapidly declined. Never did I see death approach with so mild, so smiling, so enticing a countenance. “ Much, my dear Sebastian,” he said, “ as I have experienced of

God's goodness through life, never have I known anything so approaching to pure felicity, as that which I now in my dying hour enjoy. The pain of the body seems totally subdued by the exquisite felicity enjoyed by the soul. The almost constant communion which is afforded me with my God is so pure, and so consoling, that I would not exchange it for all the health and wealth that the present world contains." While thus expressing his happiness, I saw that his end was near. I sat silently watching his moving lips, as the prayers, unheard on earth, escaped them in their passage to heaven. At length they ceased to move. I asked him in a whisper if I should give him any thing. As his cold fingers gently pressed my hand on which they were laid, I could just hear the words, "Please, don't speak." In two minutes after, his spirit left the body.

A purer spirit than that of my friend, I am persuaded, scarcely ever quitted a human frame. I had loved him with more than a brother's love. His removal left a void in my heart which has never yet been supplied. By his own desire, he was buried without military honours, as they are called; but his grave was bedewed with the tears of the whole of his Company, both officers and privates. He left me executor of his little property, which I duly transmitted to his friends. From his favourite sister and another *friend*, I received letters, which I preserve

with care, and consider as sacred. Well might he speak, as he often did, of English females. If ever human heart was love, his was such !

In a very short time after the burial of Captain Stirling, I received a note from the minister of the interior, to attend him on particular business. On waiting on him, I received the king's command to prepare my balloon of the greatest power that my abilities would enable me to construct. The expense was to be no object. No explanation was given, but I understood that it was for an experiment of a political nature. As the interval allowed for the preparation was short, I lost no time. My attention was so absorbed by it, that it relieved my mind of much of its weight of sorrow. By the day fixed, I was ready, and had no doubt but that the balloon would carry at least three persons. The ascent was to be from the royal gardens, and kept as much as possible a secret.

The operation of filling the balloon with a gas which I had invented, of very superior purity, was begun late in the evening. The process was well conducted, and by eight o'clock in the morning following, the balloon was fully inflated. A finer object of human construction, I will venture to say, never rose from this earth. I cannot describe my own sensations on surveying it. It excited the admiration and the commendation of the king, and all who saw it. I knew not who were to accom-

pany me, but I understood that they were present, and ready. I was commanded to try the power of the balloon with myself in the car: to the bottom of it was suspended a wicker basket heavily weighted. By this the power of the balloon was to be tried, before my destined companions took their places. I was attired in a most splendid dress, and carried a national flag.

The balloon rose majestically, and even gently raised the whole of the weight suspended below from the ground. A burst of acclamations rent the air. I felt my heart beat high, when in an instant a dead silence ensued, and I rose with inconceivable rapidity from the earth.

From some cause, with which I am unacquainted, the temporary tackling which attached the weight to the car, had given way, and let the balloon at liberty. I had not put my astronomical instruments into the case; but I knew that the barometer had fallen rapidly: the weather had been very sultry, and dark clouds had been for some time collecting. In a few moments, I was enveloped with them, and totally lost sight of the earth. In three minutes, the cold became intensely chilling. For a little while the ascent was retarded, as the balloon and car, as well as myself, were covered over with a strong coating of snow. In a short time, however, I got into a clear atmosphere, and I again rose rapidly. I was very cold, and breathed with

difficulty. Above me, was the purest blue dome that imagination can conceive. The rays of the sun, though brilliant beyond conception, seemed to be almost devoid of heat. The beauty of the flooring of clouds beneath baffles all description. The thunder now began to roll among them, and the lightning to dart and flash from one cloud to another, without ceasing. I was alone in the midst of immensity, suspended, as it appeared, upon nothing. I seemed to be motionless, for not a breath of air was perceptible. The beautiful clouds below were in wild commotion; their places, and forms, and colours, perpetually changing. All else was still. Awful as was my situation, I could not but be struck with admiration of the wonders that surrounded me, and with reverence of their Almighty Creator. I strove to pray; but the tumult of my thoughts was such, that I fear I succeeded very indifferently. I, however, afterwards felt more collected and calm.

I endeavoured, by exercise, to keep myself warm; but, in spite of all that I could do, I was at length, as the sun was going down, overpowered with sleep.

When I awoke, the sun had risen several degrees upon that part of the earth over which I then found myself suspended at no very great height. The objects around were very visible. The country appeared exceedingly lovely. Woods, plains, and

rivers, were spread on every side; while, immediately under me, appeared a large and magnificent city. I could distinctly hear the "hum of men," as I slowly sailed suspended over this unknown busy abode of human beings, whom (whatever their country) I could not but be glad to hear and see. My balloon was greatly compressed; but still it was a magnificent object. I was slowly descending; but had passed over the city some considerable way, before I found any chance of arresting my progress. At length, in an extensive park, in the midst of which I perceived a palace, and people issuing from it, I was enabled to reach the ground with my anchor; it caught by a fallen tree, and I came very gently to the earth, on open turf land. I was assisted immediately, and the balloon secured by my direction, given by signs, for I soon found that language was in vain.

I was astonished to find that the persons who had assisted me were all *negroes*, or apparently such, in splendid dresses. They were evidently greatly surprised and delighted, talking very loud and quick to each other.

I now heard a band, of what I thought martial music, and saw a gorgeous train approaching from the palace. The negroes who had assisted me took off their turbans, and retired to the right and left. As the train drew near, the band, who were likewise negroes, ceased to play, and opening, left

room for the advance of the most splendid equipage that my eyes had ever beheld. I was struck with dumb astonishment at the sight. On a most superb car of state, blazing with precious stones, sat a majestic negro, in the richest dress that I had ever seen. To attempt any description of it, would be as useless as it would be vain: indeed, my attention was at the time too much distracted, and my wonder too much excited, to suffer me to make half the remarks that I ought to have done. What surprised me as much as any thing, was, that this magnificent car, or throne, was drawn by ten white men, of very athletic frames. They were naked to the loins, but their loose dress below was elegant. They were harnessed by two cross belts over the shoulders, and another round the waist. They wore a light silken turban. A driver, who was a negro, sat in the front of the car, at the feet of the monarch, (for such I soon found that he was,) with a long-lashed whip in his hand, which, from the cuts in the backs of the harnessed men, he seemed not to have spared.

Two negro officers, with white staves, adorned with peacock's feathers, soon came to me from the king. They surveyed me very attentively; I thought suspiciously. They talked a good deal with the men who first assisted me. I was in my full dress, and had the flag in my hand. I am very dark, even for a Portuguese: I have hazle eyes, and al-

most black hair, which I then wore very short. One of the officers spoke to me, I thought, in several languages, and I did the same to him in return, but all in vain. After they had again talked to the men who assisted me, and had examined my balloon and car, I observed that their deportment towards me evinced much more of respect. I endeavoured to carry myself with as much of dignity as I could assume.

When the officers had spoken to the king, he was drawn in the car to the balloon, which he appeared to survey with strong attention, pointing to the sky, as if inquiring if I really came from thence. On being satisfied of the fact, he was assisted to descend from his throne; and coming towards me, gracefully lowered the end of what might be termed a sceptre, which he held in his hand, studded with precious stones, at the top of which was a plain round topaz, at least two inches in diameter, which I afterwards found was to represent the full moon. He then pointed to the throne, as wishing me to take a seat by his side, for there was room for two. I first made some dignified motions with my flag, and then, as well as I could, made the first comers to understand, that they were carefully to fold the balloon, and bring it, with the car, &c., after us. I ascended the throne, and the monarch took his place beside me, amidst his astonished people. The contrast between my close dress, and the splendid

flowing robes of the king, was very great, and not at all, I thought, to the advantage of mine.

I had no more time allowed for observation. The driver spoke but a word: the harnessed men wheeled the carriage round in an instant: he made the lash whiz through the air, and they started off at a most surprising speed, not less, I am certain, than at the rate of ten miles an hour. In a few minutes, we flew, as it were, through the massive arched portal of the castle or palace. It was, perhaps, about a mile from the place where I first alighted. The court, into which we entered, was a large quadrangle, surrounded by buildings two stories high; the whole being of red granite; the style of architecture very massive.

If it was my purpose, as it is not, to describe at present, as fully as I may perhaps hereafter do, this extraordinary people and country, I should dwell much longer on every particular, all of which were very remarkable: as it is, I must be concise.

Ascending a magnificent flight of steps, under a purple silk awning, we were ushered, by numerous splendidly dressed attendants, through several sumptuous apartments, till we reached one, on entering which, my eyes were absolutely dazzled. The pillars and walls seemed covered with precious stones, of every hue, the ground on which they were set being gold. At the further end, on a throne of state, under a grand canopy, sat a female negro, of

whose beauty I shall not attempt to speak ; nor can I say more of her dress, than that it exceeded, in richness and variety, every thing that I had hitherto beheld. She appeared to know of our coming, and received me graciously. The king took his seat beside the queen, (for such she was,) after I had taken my place on an embroidered velvet cushion, which was brought for me. The king and queen earnestly conversed together ; the latter being evidently much astonished, and eying me with surprise and something of reverence. In a little while refreshments were brought in, of which I very willingly, gladly, and freely partook, as invited to do, for I was become exceedingly hungry. During the repast, I observed that the queen's countenance changed ; her eyes became languid, and she frequently held her hand to her head. The king appeared concerned ; and she prepared to depart, but seemed fearful of fainting. I saw that the surprise and agitation had been too much for her, as she was in a family way. I happened to have a bottle of scent in my pocket, which I knew would tend to revive her. I therefore arose, and taking out the cork, poured a little of the contents on my hand ; after smelling at which, I rubbed the remainder on my temples. The queen, though languid, viewed me attentively. I then, on one knee, made signs for her to hold out her hand. She seemed to understand me, and, at the seeming de-

sire of the king, did so: she smelled at the spirit, and then, as I made signs for her to do, rubbed her temples with it. I soon saw that it had revived her: the king remarked the same, and they both looked at me with inexpressible kindness and delight, not without something of awe.

But I must endeavour to be brief.

I had two large splendid rooms assigned me in the palace, with servants to attend me, and every convenience that I could desire. My time was at my own disposal, and I had the liberty granted of going wherever I pleased. I had a handsome carriage at my command, drawn by six Yarkees, for so I found white people were called; indeed, the word means *white skin*. No *subject*, I found, was allowed to be drawn by more than six, and those only nobles, the commonalty being allowed no more than five. I had, however, two sets of Yarkees, so that I needed not to be afraid of overworking them. They were, indeed, of the finest breed, all of them being full six feet high, and having been well kept, were very plump and sleek. All this, and many other things, did at first seem very strange to me, nay, almost revolting, but the latter sensation soon lessened.

The Yarkees are kept in long narrow trenches dug in the ground, the roof only appearing above. They are bedded with straw, like cattle with us, and are fed, better or worse, as the owner chooses.

Those, however, kept by the better kind of people, for their own carriages, are generally well fed and cleaned. Those which are hired out, or kept by the common people, to draw carts, &c., are most miserable looking creatures. I shall have to relate much concerning these Yarkees, which I had, perhaps, better do now, though most of what I may relate, I only knew after I had learned something of the language of the Montangoes, which is the name of the people and country among whom, and in which, I then resided.*

Montango appears to be situated somewhere in central Africa, but where, I shall probably now never learn. The kingdom is, I believe, of considerable extent and population, but strange as it may seem, more than three-fourths of the latter are Yarkee slaves. These extraordinary and miserable people will form the principal subject of this my present publication.

From whence the Yarkees are obtained, I was never able to learn; they are, however, almost all imported or brought from a foreign country, as there is but little increase of them in Montango. In fact, they are kept in such a state of abject wretchedness as almost to preclude it. Even the children, when any are born, are such poor weakly creatures, as not to be worth rearing, and

* The word in their language means, "powerful and wise."

are therefore generally suffered to die. How the great demand for them is answered, is to me very extraordinary, seeing, (as is really the case,) that a very great proportion of them die by the way, on their transmission to Montango from their native country.

The Yarkees may be divided into two classes, though there are various gradations. The first being those who are most highly valued by the Montangoes, are the Graptongs or Hard-hands, as the term signifies in their language. These are generally of the darkest complexion and stoutest make. The second are called Satongs or Soft-hands, having generally fair skins and delicate frames. These are considered as being of little value, and are therefore most dreadfully despised and abused. The way in which the Yarkees are brought to Montango, is by foreign negroes, the Fangorees, in large flat packing cases, perforated all over the top, so as to afford respiration, and some little light, to those within. Each case contains twenty slaves, closely packed side by side. Once a-day they are taken out for a little while and fed. How far they are brought in this way, I could never learn; it is, however, a very long journey. On an average, perhaps, more than half of them die in coming. Instances have been known in very hot seasons, when the *whole* have died.

I can never forget the sensations which I experienced on seeing the first set of cases opened.

'They were very numerous, and had been purchased for the king. These Yarkees were of all qualities, and entirely naked : the sight was enough to have made a heart of stone bleed, yet the Montangoes paid no more regard to their sufferings than a butcher would to those of an overdriven flock, destined for slaughter. Yet the Montangoes are otherwise a feeling and humane people. The Satongs, particularly the females, were most of them of forms that an Italian sculptor or painter might have studied with delight and advantage. The loveliness of their persons, features, and complexions, was far beyond any that I had ever beheld, and only equalled by the florid description which my dear friend, Captain Stirling, used to give of the English females. What they must have been before their dreadful journey, I could only attempt to imagine. Severe as were their sufferings, a feeling and sense of modest shame, in many, appeared to predominate over every other. If angels were to be represented on earth, here were the most perfect models. Yet none were so despised by the Montangoes, as those lovely female Satongs, excepting the males of the same class. For *them* there were scarcely to be found purchasers at any price; they were, indeed, considered as absolutely good for nothing. I could perceive that the Satongs of both sexes had, in their own country, been adorned with rings, and the females with bracelets and ear-drops. They still retained the remaining smell of perfumes

of various kinds. They, however, appeared, when unpacked, *i. e.* those who were still alive, the most deplorably abject of all human beings. Many of them had, from the effects of their close confinement, entirely lost their sight. Some of the cases containing Satongs, frequently remain a long time on hand unopened for want of purchasers, during which time there can be no doubt but that many of them must perish. They were, indeed, the most helpless race of beings that I ever beheld; many of them seemed scarcely able to feed themselves, and soon died under the hardships which they endured, while the survivors were only a burden to themselves and to their owners.

As to the Graptongs, at least the more hardy of them, they were a much more useful and esteemed race of beings; the price that some of them, with the most brown skins and hard hands fetched, was very high indeed. They were generally both willing and able to do any thing. They seemed to have reconciled their minds to their lot, and set about whatever they had to do with the utmost alacrity. The best of these were much sought for, especially after they had been well matched in sets, to draw the carriages of the higher orders of Montangoes. At first they are well trained to obey the word of command. Many of the Montango nobles were astonished that *such creatures* could ever be brought so to understand and obey the orders of

their drivers. Great care is taken in feeding and cleaning those Graptongs, so as to enable them to go at a great speed, to be healthy, and well-looking. As to the children that were brought over, I conceive most of them were destroyed, as will hereafter be seen, not being worth rearing, particularly those of the Satongs. The mothers of these seemed to part with them without much grief, while I have seen some of the Graptong mothers absolutely pine away when their children had been torn from their arms. The same I observed to be the case on the parting of husband and wife : the Satongs cared little about it, while the Graptongs could, in general, scarcely be consoled.

The cruelty with which the Yarkees are treated by the Montangoes, will scarcely be believed when I tell some particulars, and yet, even then, the half of it will not be told. They, in fact, are considered by them as something below all dumb creatures and brute beasts. They are beings, the Montangoes affirm, on whom the Creator has set a mark, that of *whiteness*, which was intended to subject them, for the offences of their forefathers, to every species of suffering ; and that, therefore, the more any one oppresses them, the more he pleases the Almighty Creator, as assisting to punish his enemies. To all human beings of their own colour, nay, to all brute beasts, the Montangoes are singularly humane. They have, indeed, very severe laws

against any one who ill-treats a dumb creature. These circumstances may, with the effects of habit, serve to account for the want of feeling which they seem to evince for the poor Yarkees. In such abhorrence do they hold them, that if any one, even the very lowest of the Montangoes, were known to have any criminal conversation with one of them, they would both be immediately put to death. They are, indeed, never spoken to farther than as we speak to horses, so that they know nothing of the Montango language, and therefore *cannot* have any conversation with any of the natives. They are, indeed, considered as not having capacity to learn it. When they die, they are never buried, but are cut to pieces to feed dogs and other animals.

It would be too revolting were I to attempt to describe the horrid and disgusting cruelties which I have seen inflicted on the most lovely creatures, in my eyes, in the creation, viz. some of the female Satongs, yet I dared not even to evince the least shew of commiseration for them. In fact, whatever the Yarkees may have been when free in their native country, they are, when in bondage in a strange land, under this cruel treatment, the most abject, stupid, helpless beings, that can be imagined.

Several parts of the kingdom of Montango is rugged, mountainous, and woody. At times, some of the Yarkees, both male and female, have escaped

from their owners, and have taken refuge in those wild parts. They have there increased and become pretty numerous. They have even acquired something of knowledge and independence. The hunting of these, as we do stags and foxes, constitutes one of the principal amusements of the younger Montangoes. The heads of those which are taken and killed, are always brought back by the fortunate or active hunter who can succeed in cutting them off. These are dried, and hung up in the principal room in their house as trophies.

I have before intimated, for reasons then stated, that I do not mean, on the present occasion, to enter more into a description of the country, or the history of the people of Montango, than is necessary for the purpose which I have in view. These may yet form one of the most interesting and novel works that was ever written. There is, however, one part of their proceedings, as affecting the Yarkees, that must not be passed over in silence, though it may be hereafter more fully described. I mean respecting their *religion*. They believe in one God, the Great *Ephamak*, (being in their language the god of riches,) as the creator and ruler of all. They worship the heavenly orbs, but only as subordinate deities, and they pray to them as mediators. To the Great *Ephamak*, their priests and great men alone are allowed to pray. The resemblance of the sun, the moon, and the stars, constitute, (often in

precious stones,) the general ornaments of their houses and dresses. They have thirteen great religious feasts or Sabbaths in the year, which continue for twelve hours before and after the time when the moon is at full. Then it is that the great Temple, which is in the midst of the city, is open for the worship or adoration of Ephamak, by all the priests and great people.

I shall now attempt to describe the proceedings on this occasion, as they struck me on seeing them for the first time. Some faint idea may thus be formed of the riches and splendour of this most extraordinary people, some few only of whose singularities have been noticed.

The moon was at the full on that occasion, about nine o'clock in the evening. After a day spent in all the gaiety and hilarity that could be devised, by all the people, about seven o'clock, the doors of the great temple were slowly opened to the sound of the most solemn music; for I must here observe, that in that science, the Montangoes greatly excel. The people now all at once assumed the most serious aspect and demeanour. All those who were to worship Ephamak, moved towards the great temple. The full description of this amazing building must likewise be deferred. It is, however, I may observe, massive, splendid, and spacious, beyond conception. The interior is fitted up as an amphitheatre, with a kind of stage of white

marble, raised three or four feet above the lower benches. These benches rise behind each other, up to the very ceiling. Over the front of the stage was a purple velvet curtain, fringed with gold, and ornamented all over with representations of the heavenly bodies in precious stones. The ceiling was an immense dome, to represent the heavens, in which were sun, moon, and stars, all emitting a brilliant light, none being in any other way admitted. I, on this occasion, was permitted to take my place with the king and the court, which was on the lowest benches, all being dressed in the same kind of plain robes. Every place was occupied up to the very top. The view was strikingly imposing, the central sun darting his brilliant light on all. By what means it was produced I cannot tell.

By eight o'clock, all were arranged and still. Soft music was heard, seemingly at a very great distance. The impression was awful. I felt my heart painfully full. The music, as it seemed to advance, was accompanied by voices. At length it sounded as being within the building, and the words of the hymn might be at times clearly distinguished. Suddenly all sound ceased: an awful silence ensued. No person of the immense crowd moved. The light of the sun, and the other constellations, began slowly to grow dimmer and dimmer. A fearful gloom ensued, till all was in total darkness. Presently a feeble rumbling, as of distant thunder overhead

was heard; faint flashes of lightning served to render the darkness visible. I fancied that the floor and seats were slightly agitated, as with an earthquake. By degrees all these became more apparent. The thunder rumbled louder, the lightning flashed stronger and quicker, and the agitation of the floor became much more perceptible. At this awful period, an unseen band, as of a thousand performers, burst all at once upon the astonished ear. Presently it seemed to be joined by as many singers; when, at the moment when the whole frame was trembling with contending emotions, the purple velvet curtain which hid the stage was suddenly elevated. A burst of light, too vivid to be borne at once, overcame for a little while the power of vision; while a perfume, the sweetest and most powerful that I had ever experienced, filled the whole temple. I was so confounded, that for some time I could not recover myself. The tremendous sound, the overpowering light, the agitation of the whole crowd around me, with the astonishing spectacle displayed before me, staggered my senses. When I recovered myself, I was, with every one else, on my knees—they all covered their faces with their hands. I did so partly, but only so as to enable me to see the more distinctly.

I must now endeavour to describe what I then saw. Their God Ephamak stood in the midst on the white marble stage. He was an *elephant*, of

the most astonishing magnitude. A more imposing living creature probably never was beheld. He could not be less than twenty feet high. His tusks were at least eight feet long, and his trunk considerably more. Over his back, flowing to the floor, was a rich purple velvet pall or housing, almost covered with representations of the heavenly bodies, in gold and precious stones. His tusks and trunk were wreathed with diamonds. In the front of his forehead was the full moon, composed of diamonds and topazes. There was an awful, solemn, and majestic dignity in the appearance and deportment of the mighty creature, that was irresistibly impressive, accompanied, as it was, by so many striking objects and circumstances.

On the back scene, if I may so call it, appeared a sun, occupying almost the whole, seemingly of fire : it brilliantly illuminated the whole of the temple. The side scenes were massive golden pillars, wreathed with diamonds. Between them and the god, on each side, was a row of priests, in splendid robes, prostrate with their faces to the ground. Clouds, with brilliant stars, floated above. The floor of the stage inclined a little towards the worshippers ; and across, near the front of it, was an open deep trench. The god seemed to regard the assembled crowd with dignified mild complacency. He raised his trunk in the air, waved it majestically about, and uttered a deep-toned solemn sound, as if giving

his blessing. An universal acclamation of "Meca mene, meca Ephamak!" (glory, praise and glory, to the God of Riches,) burst from the worshippers. Immediately the priests retired back on their knees from the stage; and a dreadful scream was heard in the clouds above, from which were instantly precipitated upon the marble floor, on each side of the god, more than thirty naked Satongs, both men, women, and children. The scene that followed was dreadful. While they were writhing in agonies from the effects of the fall, the god solemnly turned himself about, and adroitly contrived to set his enormous foot on every one in his course; so that, in making one revolution of the stage, he crushed the whole of them to death; the music playing so loud all the time, as to drown the cries of the victims. Their blood flowed down the inclined place into the deep trench. When the god had taken his former station, his worshippers again exclaimed, "Meca mene, meca Ephamak!"

The god, now immerging his trunk in the trench, filled it with the blood of the victims. He then raised it up in the air, spouting the blood in such a manner, that it fell, in a slight shower, on the worshippers who sat in the centre; again he spouted it on those to the right hand, and again on those to the left; so that all were sprinkled. The number of drops received by each of the worshippers, is considered as implying the success which shall

attend his efforts to obtain wealth. The garments used on these occasions are held as sacred, and only then worn. The former acclamation was now repeated. The sun began to grow dim—the thunder to rumble—the lightning to flash—the earth to quake,—while both vocal and instrumental music lent their utmost powers to aid the tremendous uproar, amidst which the curtain fell, and the extraordinary ceremony ended.

I had been accustomed to the imposing ceremonies of the Catholic religion in their most striking forms and splendour; they were, however, all far inferior in effect to that which I had now witnessed. These things, I had ever thought, had little to do with religion, and I was now more than ever convinced of it. I could not but feel, that the Christianity of my friend, Captain Stirling, simple and unostentatious, had more to do with the heart. Any religion may be made to affect the senses; but I, from this time, became more and more convinced, that pure and undefiled religion depended but little upon them. I am afraid that there have been nations of nominal Christians, who have thought that they were doing God service, by offerings as cruel and disgusting, as the Montangoes' sacrifice of the poor helpless unoffending Santongs; while the deity whom they worship, they depicture to themselves as little more elevated in the scale of beings, than the Ephamak of that extraordinary people.

I soon became a great favourite with both the king and queen, though I suspect far from being such with the great men of the court, who would probably have contrived, had I staid much longer, to have lessened my influence with the monarch. As it was, when I had succeeded in learning the language, I could take very great liberties in talking with the king, who was a most intelligent and well-disposed man; making the good of his subjects his first and greatest care. I, of course, very often made the Yarkes the subject of my discourse with him. There was, however, no convincing him that they were not an inferior guilty race, destined and condemned by the Great Ephamak, to every species of misery and degradation that could be heaped upon them. Besides, he would say, "Don't you see that all the laborious work of the kingdom is performed by them; work which the Montangoes neither will, could, or ought to do? Don't you see plainly, that nothing but the very utmost severity will cause them to work at all? Naturally they are the most idle beings in the world, and nothing but the lash and the goad can possibly make them labour. You must perceive plainly that they have not common capacities: any thing short of blows would be lost upon them. It is true, that some of the Graptongs are brought to know the meaning of a few words, to direct them to the right hand or the left, or to induce them to go faster or

slower; but even that they only learn by dint of whipping. You must then be aware, that the country would be ruined, if we were not to have a constant supply of Yarkees, and keep them to labour by the utmost severity. But you must know, that their bodily feelings are as callous as those of the mind; and therefore, though they bleed profusely, they, in reality, suffer very little. I apprehend that, on the whole, they are much better off here than in their own country, where, I am told, that they cut and maim, and kill and devour one another without mercy. It is then, surely, a mercy to remove them from such a state of savageness. Look at my Graptongs: are not they well clothed, well harnessed, well cleaned, and well fed? Do you think that they would ever have looked so well as they do now, had they staid in their own country? No, no, Sebastian, we are the true friends of the Yarkees; that is, of those that are good for any thing, the Graptongs. As to the Satongs, what, in the name of Laca, (the moon,) what are *they* good for any where? I conceive that, even in their own country, they must be despised as a very inferior caste. I only wonder that they are allowed to propagate at all; because, if they were destroyed, and none but Graptongs bred, they would turn to much better account."

I have now performed the will of my highly valued friend, Captain Stirling. As to the history

of the Montangoes, their customs, habits, towns, trades, &c., with the description of the country, its geography, products, and appearances, together with an account of my adventures there, and particularly of my extraordinary journey back, and my arrival in this country, they must all be reserved for my great anticipated work on Montango.

S. R.

Near Sheffield, May 15, 1826.

ANTICIPATION,

OR

THE END OF SLAVERY.

HEARD ye that shriek across the Atlantic waves?
Again—and yet again—more dreadful still;
It speaks of thousand deaths.—See, where on high
A smoke goes up, as from a hundred furnaces,
Veiling the face of heaven. The sun himself,
Half hid, flares horribly, a blood-red orb.
'Tis midnight-noon:—the birds have ceased their song,
And all is still! Ah! see that burst of flame!
A lurid glare spreads o'er the wondering world,
It seems as if earth's pent up fires had burst
The adamant dome, and ranged at large;
Hark to that shout continuous, commixt
With clank of fetters burst, and on the rocks
Dash'd by indignant hands!—A louder shout
Of thousands freed, proclaims the contest o'er.

Infatuated tyrants ! deaf to all
That prudence, justice, mercy, long have urged !
Deaf to the calls of God and man, to cease
Your work accurst. Oppression hath its limits,
Those have been passed—and now, retaliation
Avenges thus the sufferings of the slave.
Oh, Afric's sons, of grievances untold,
Have long sustain'd a load unfit for man.
The blood of millions, kidnapp'd from the soil
That gave them birth, and is their fathers' grave,
Aloud hath cried for ages to the God
Of justice for revenge. Those long-borne wrongs—
Those cries are heard,—the work of vengeance done,—
And Afric's captive sons at length are freed.

Oh, Britain ! Oh, my country ! dear-loved land !
By heaven more blest than all the world beside,
How much hast thou those mercies great abused ?
Bow to the dust with contrite heart, lest now
Thy God, offended, pour on thee and thine,
The vial of his wrath. Those wretched men,
Who now have paid the forfeit of their lives,
Were all thy sons, and thou didst not restrain them,
Though they were vile ; on thee their guilt abides,
And if thy God now doth not make an end,
It is because ten righteous have been found
Within thy walls, to deprecate his wrath.

Of all the sins that curse this sinful world,
The sin of *Slavery* is the most accurst ;

Embracing in its circle all the rest ;
The victim and the tyrant both its prey,
In body and in soul, in time and in
Eternity, they feel its deadly sting.

Long in those island-hells,—in times now past,
The jest obscene, the revelry and song,
Flow'd to the music of the lash and scream ;
The shriek, the writhings of the wretch impaled,
Like a fool's jest, amused when converse flagg'd.
Heard ye that shout exulting, and the laugh
That shook the banquet dome ? It was the triumph
Of the law-train, from work of death returned ;
A military mess—judges and jury ;
The sacred, faithful, minister of God,
By them condemn'd, lay wearing out his life
In dungeon dark, the victim of their hate.

See ye that gibbet, and the sable corse
Hung iron-bound ? He is their victim too ;
Untried he bled to glut their thirst of blood.

Heard ye the shriek of that wild maniac ?
Along the streets she runs, and raving cries,
“ Oh, massa,—cruel massa, from these arms
My children tore ;—no child has Quasha now.—
Oh, cruel massa—Quasha wish to die !”
Behold where on that dunghill foul is laid,
An aged leper, horrible to view ;—
A useless burden to his master grown—
Forsaken, there is cast to wait for death.

Heard ye the music of the bugle horn,
As down the mountain passes joyous come
A motley train, some white, some black, and some
Of tawny hue?—bright shine their glittering arms.
High, like the eagle's nest, in cleft of rock,
A peaceful mountain village long had stood
Unnoticed and unknown; at length betray'd,
It was resolved, with fire and sword, at once
To exterminate the whole. The work is done;
And, laden with the spoil, the conquerors come.

'Tis market-day! above the crowd, see where
Unpitied, stands, in iron cage close pent,
A famish'd wretch :—nine scorching days, and nine
Cold chilling nights, no food his lips had pass'd.
At length his limbs gave way, he sinks and dies.
Beside him sat, companion of his guilt,—
(If guilt it were, to which oppression drove,)
A silent sufferer; while the fire, repress'd,
By slow degrees, consumed his shrivelling frame.

Hark to the shout of wild extatic joy!
See where white hats, white hands, white faces join,
In acclamations of delight, as down yon pile,
With dreadful crash and dust falls to the ground!
It is the house of prayer: the house in which
The negro learned to know he had a soul.
The minister of peace could scarcely 'scape
The *gentlemanly* mob. These are the men
Who hold the negroes to be only *brutes*,

Yet these,—oh horrible to tell ! yet these,
 When lust impels, will take—by *force* will take—
 These brutes into their arms and to their beds !

I could go on with such revolting scenes,
 Until the harrow'd soul, disgusted, cried
 “ In mercy spare : ” let these suffice to shew
 That hell itself can scarcely parallel
 The guilt and sufferings that have filled these isles,
 These *British isles*, till now by *Slavery* curst.
 Dearly hath Britian paid for all this guilt !
 Yet well for her, if she have learn'd at last
 To sin no more.

How God in days long gone,
 Dealt with *oppressors*, Israel's annals tell.
 Year after year, his people, groaning, lay
 In base Egyptian bonds, (yet Egypt's bonds,
 Were light and easy ones, compared with those
 By British mercy forged, for negro-limbs,)
 When God, at length, resolved the slaves to free,
 No *gradual* manumission then was his !
 No compromising with the oppressor there !
 No coaxing then of those who spurn'd his law !
 He spake the word ;—the tyrant's rage was vain.
 ‘ *Be free,* ’ I AM, then said, and free they were !
 The mighty monarch in the hands of God,
 Was feeble as the slenderest reed of Nile ;
 Nay, trembled at the rod of rescued slave
 Whom God sustain'd. That slave his arm outstretch'd,

And earth, and air, and water, brought forth straight,
Innumerable hosts of reptiles vile
To desolate the earth, and spread around
Corruption through the land. Once more the rod
Of power Divine he waved, and fell disease
Seized all the herds and flocks on Nilus' shores ;
O'er Pharaoh and his people spread the foul
And loathsome boils, their slaves alone unharm'd.

Rebelling yet, the tyrant thought to brave
The Lord Almighty ;—impious thought ! See where
The windows of the sky are open thrown ;
No gentle dew distils ;—no rain descends,
But flaming fire and mighty hailstones fall
Amid the thunder's roar, on man and beast,
On cattle, and on every herb and tree,
Destruction dealing round on all, save *them*,
By heaven preserved,—the servants of the Lord.—
Still Pharaoh's heart was hard.

Hark, from the east,
A mighty rushing wind, all day and night
Blows loud, and brings the *Locust* army-plague,
They hide the face of heaven ; the darken'd earth
Is cover'd with these cohorts of the skies ;
Herbs, fruits, and flowers destroy'd,—nought green remains
In desolated Egypt, saving Goshen's fields.

While all these horrors had laid waste the land,
Impenetrable darkness o'er the earth
Three days and nights prevail'd ;—darkness so dense,

It might be *felt*. Man knew not where to find
His fellow man, save from his cries alone.

'Tis but with life the tyrant parts with power,
He grasps his rod and sceptre to the last.
Though Pharaoh trembled, still in slavery's bonds
He Israel's race retain'd, and braved their God ;
That God at length laid bare his red right arm ;—
He stretch'd it forth and cried, while Egypt quaked,
“ Long suffering now is past ! Ye, who have made
The mother childless,—be ye childless too.”
Heard ye that cry of desolation, which,
At midnight hour, spread terror and dismay
O'er all the trembling land ? It issued forth
From stately palace, and from lowly cot.
In every house, *Death*, with unerring darts,
Transfix'd each first-born son of Egypt's race.
Nile heard along his course, the mothers' shriek ;
Nor monarch on his throne, nor captive wretch,
In dungeon chain'd, escaped the doom decreed.

The work is done, and Israel's sons are free !
With strong and mighty hand, the Lord most high,
Now led his people forth. It was a day
To be remember'd long ; forward they press'd
With joyful hearts, till ocean's waves at length
Their onward steps arrest—they there encamp'd.

The terror pass'd away, the tyrant king,
Repenting that he e'er had fear'd the Lord,

And let his slaves depart, assembled straight
The host of Egypt, to o'ertake their steps.
A thousand chariots, and a martial train
Innumerable, of horse and foot, pursued.
The fugitives, unarm'd, had none to aid
Save HIM, who led them forth, the Lord most high.
The rocky shore echoed the shout afar,
Of Egypt's mighty host, when they beheld
Their victims in their power.—*Who now can save ?*
Heard ye that roar ? 'twas like the rushing sound
Of mighty waters ! lo, the ocean waves
Disparting wide, recede on either hand,
Where, hardening, tier on tier, aloft they form
The ramparts strong, pellucid to their base ;
A pathway, dry and firm, old ocean's bed,
Till then untrod, affords. The crystal walls
Kept back the briny flood. The shelly floor
Astonish'd Israel trod, with songs of praise.

The distant shore in safety scaled,—behind,
Thence they beheld the army of their foes ;
Along the road miraculous, that army spread ;
Chariots, and horse, and foot, together press'd ;
Banners and glittering spears, with falchions gleam'd,
While loud the clarion's voice gave note of war.
Exalted on a car of state, superb,
The mighty monarch sat, revolving deep
Dire vengeance on the heads of Israel's race.

High on a rock, the prophet meek appear'd,
The mystic rod he stretch'd ;—forthwith at once,

The crystal walls gave way ; the briny flood
Rush'd down with dreadful roar, o'erwhelming deep
The monarch and his host ; chariots and horse
In one commingled mass, together roll'd ;
Not one was left, of all the warlike train,
To carry back the tidings of their fate
To Egypt's mourning land. All now was still !
Far as the eye could reach, the reflux tide
With precious floating spoils was cover'd o'er ;
This Israel saw, and own'd the hand of *Him*
Whom winds and waves obey. This Israel saw,
And Miriam sung the praises of the Lord.

S. R.

THE VOICE OF BLOOD.

I HEAR a loud voice from the west,
A shriek that flies o'er land and flood ;
It is our nature's cry, distress'd—
It is our brother's blood.

It comes from myriads of poor blacks,
Deep buried in their horrid graves ;
It streams adown the thousand backs
Of lash'd and living slaves.

'Tis man—enduring unto death,
Untired oppression's iron rod ;
'Tis man—with his expiring breath,
Beseeching man and God.

“ O when shall Afric's sons find grace,
And know their dreadful bondage o'er ?
When shall our unoffending race,
Be bought and sold no more !

“ How long, O Lord! wilt Thou refrain—
While we are daily slain—or worse?
How long shall the sweet-yielding cane
Be made our bitter curse?

“ Didst thou not make *our* frames? O tell
Our masters *who* created us:
Didst thou not make *our* souls, as well
As *theirs* who task us thus?

“ O ye, who claim to stand so high,
So firm in our great Father's love;
How can ye bear to see us die,
Nor to our rescue move!

“ By all the wrongs which we have known;
By all the blood this system sheds:
Which calls for vengeance on your own—
And on your children's heads:

“ This blood, it speaks, when you look up
In freedom—or on freedom think:
It speaks in every luscious cup
Of sweetness which ye drink.

“ O let it speak in tones severe
On the wrong'd suffering negro's part;
Pierce mercy's sympathetic ear—
Melt pity's tender heart!”

Hast THOU a heart, who read'st this verse,
An English ear, unbribed and free?
That heart to melt—that ear to pierce—
Reader ! it speaks to THEE.

The voice of blood ;—O *think—think—think*
Act—for the injured, dying slave :
Nor let him longer—deeper—sink—
But haste to help—to save.

Let not his injuries plead in vain,
Lest haply in your dying day,
Your souls should bear a guilty stain,
Which nought can wash away.

O help him, lest in hall and bower,
His crying blood your joys molest ;
Or speaking through the midnight hour,
Chase like a ghost your rest.

O help him—bless him—for ye can :
Hear Reason's—hear Religion's plea,
Declare to all—HE IS A MAN—
Therefore—HE SHALL BE FREE.

JOHN HOLLAND.

Sheffield Park, March, 1826.

THE
HAPPY NEGRO GIRL.

ZANGA, see the setting sun
Sheds a fainter, softer ray :
Zanga, now thy work is done,
With thy Dora come away.

Bring thy fishing spear and line,
To the sparkling glocan* stream ;
Bring that little net of mine :—
Zanga, why, how dull you seem !

Stop a moment,—MENE, mind
That thy granny sits at ease ;
Take this string, that 'Casia bind,
See it stops the cooling breeze.

• Gold dust.

Why is mother gone away ?
Tell her we shall soon be back ;
MENE, mind now what I say ;
What an everlasting clack !

Don't neglect to scour that dish,
We shall have a treat to night ;
Half a score of golden fish,
If the wild rogues will but bite.

Should poor pick-a-ninny* wake,
Let him have his supper soon ;
There, my Zanga ; now, then, take
This warm hand, thy promised boon.

Twice twelve changing moons and one,
We have rambled side by side ;
When another moon is gone,
Dora will be Zanga's bride.

O, my love, I am so pleased,
Thus at eve with thee to stray ;
So—be still—I won't be teased ;
There, take that, and get away !

What a happy life we lead !
Free to wander where we please ;
Like the zebras o'er the mead, ·
Like the parrots in the trees.

* An infant.

GATA* gives us all we want ;
 We on Him alone depend ;
 Small the good that man can grant :
 GATA is the negro's friend.

ZANGA, mark yon spacious dome,
 High above the palm trees rise ;
 'Tis the negro's splendid home,
 Glowing with ten thousand dies.

What are halls of chiefs and kings ?
 Can they boast of hues like these ?
 Are they cool'd with living springs ?
 Are they canopied with trees ?

Are they hung with splendid clouds ?
 Are they spread with fragrant flowers ?
 Are they fill'd with happy crowds
 Dancing all the evening hours ?

Though tatoo'd with nicest art,
 Bright their skins resplendent shine ;
 Ne'er did MATATANA'S* heart
 Beat with raptures such as mine.

Though in robes and feathers drest,
 Though adorn'd with gold and pearl,
 ZANGA, they're not *half* so blest
 As thy *happy negro girl* !

Sheffield.

S. R.

* God.

† A female chief.

MAHMADEE AND SANDANEE.

SOME years ago, two negro youths were taken out of a vessel in the London docks, and brought to Sheffield by a benevolent lady, belonging to the Society of Friends. They were placed under the care of Mr. WILLIAM SINGLETON, who resided at a small village in the neighbourhood. By him they were instructed in reading, writing, and other branches of useful learning ; but, above all, in the knowledge of the Scriptures, and the doctrines of Christianity, as held by the Friends, to qualify them to become teachers of their countrymen at some future time. Their conduct was creditable, and their improvement satisfactory during the time of their schooling. About five years ago, they accompanied their kind patroness on a visit to West Africa, and by her were left among their kindred, with a fair prospect of fulfilling the hopes and expectations of their bene-

factors. It is not in the power of the present writer to give further accurate information concerning them: but he is happy to be able to present to the British public two curious and interesting documents, which shew that the labour bestowed upon the cultivation of their minds and their hearts was not in vain. The annexed *Letter from Mahmadee*, though of a later date than *Sandanee's Dream*, is given first, because the latter is of so extraordinary a character, for style, sentiment, and imagery, that nothing in any way similar could be endured after it. The reader, in perusing both, will bear in mind, that the writer of the one, and the narrator of the other, were accustomed to the language in which "Friends" speak of religion and its ordinances.

J. M.

Sheffield.

MAHMADEE'S LETTER.

LETTER FROM MAHMADEE, AN AFRICAN YOUTH, TO HIS
FRIENDS IN LONDON, 1822.

MY FRIENDS,—I thank them—I thank God—life belongs to God—no one knows what time death will come—if God call us we must obey—our bones are united by his power—our life is given by the Almighty—we are all alike before

Him—we can do nothing without God—who do good—who do bad—God sees it.

Friends in London God directed you to us—we were nothing but slaves—God directed friends to Sandanee and Mahmadee—they find them in the vessel in London docks—God said in our hearts “Go with them who want to do you good—obey them for they provide your living and you have nothing to pay—but God will re-pay them—He will unite us in one place—they are kind to every body—our feet in their dwelling because they are good—in their living we stand—I hope God will keep them—I will never forget friends for they teach me to know the Bible—first time I know nothing of the Bible—for what I know of the Bible I thank God—Ah, the good friends of London—I will never forget them, the remaining part of my life—Oh God—help thy poor people—the children of Africa—who are enslaved until they can read the Bible—until they know Jesus the Son of God—He sent his Son into the world to give us life—that we obey the voice of the Father—God is our Lord—He does not divide us—who is white—who is black—they are the same to God.

Signed, MAHMADEE.

SANDANEE'S DREAM.

THE following communication was received from Mr. Wm. Singleton, above-mentioned. The accounts of the Day of Judgment, which are to be found in various parts of the Scriptures, evidently suggested the scenery and circumstances of this Dream. The personage styled "the Minister," no doubt, represents "the Judge of quick and dead." The form in which He appears, and the part which *He* and the *Bible* may be said to act in the tremendous drama, have not been exceeded in splendid imagery, or sublime conception, by any thing in the writings of uninspired man; nor are they, in the smallest degree, degraded, but rather heightened by the inimitable simplicity, and the beautifully broken English, in which the narration is given, from the lips of the poor negro lad:—

8th Month, 7th, 1820.

Last night, Sandanee had a Dream, which he related in language nearly as follows:—

"O Fader, when I sleep last night, I hear something like as it call me here, (*laying his hand on his breast*) 'Sandanee! Sandanee! look at this.'

“ Then I look, and see a great star *there*, (*pointing backward.*) O, I never saw such a great star in all my life. When I look at him I cry water from my eyes—I cannot look, he so bright.

“ Then the star go that way, (*forward*) O so quick! And when the star go quick, the clouds all go away—some on this side, some on that side, and no sky left—but all fire in the middle, and very light with the star. And the star has great tail, and the tail go every way, and turn about, and when he go so very quick to the west, then he fall and make very great fire, and burn the earth, and burn the trees, and burn every thing. And the fire make very great noise, and go over me, from the west to the east—and the clouds very red, and the ground all red.

“ And I saw the Minister, very, *very* tall; He stand very great height, upon a beautiful stone, very high; I no see his face, He stand so high. And then I see the Bible open of itself, no man open it, and all the black print turn red.

“ Then I see plenty people, black and white, men and children, and babies, come out of the graves—O great many! If I take great many sheep, and drive them, they go very close together; so the people go very close, some fall down, some go over them; they all come very quick by the Minister, where He stand, and they run to the east, away from the fire. Some say to the Minister—

“What must we do? What this star?” Then the Minister say very loud, in English, and all could hear Him:—

“I been told you all these things, many times before, and you no believe: but now there is the day for you to believe these things.”

“Then the Bible speak like a man, and it say the same as the Minister:—‘I been told you all these things many times before, and you no believe; but now there is the day for you to believe these things.’

“And the people cry very much, and they have no clothes. And I very much afraid, and I awake. Then I sleep again and dream the same, and when I awake again I very much frightened—and I sit up in bed—and I make the bed shake very much, O, very much! I never saw such dream in all my life! I no dare go sleep again. I never forget him till I die.

“Then I tell Mahmadee, and he say, ‘I never saw such dream!’

“Then I look through the window, to see if it be so, but I see the moon, and the stars, and the clouds all there.”

TO THE CLERGY OF THE
ESTABLISHED ENGLISH CHURCH.

REVEREND GENTLEMEN,

OF all the various classes of human beings who inhabit this earth, I look upon yours as being decidedly, of all others, the most important, honourable, and dignified. You are the officially appointed ministers of God, to govern and direct his church and people in this, the first and most highly favoured nation of the world. The church to which you belong, while it is one of the richest, is perhaps one of the purest and most truly catholic that ever existed. The office which each of you holds has been voluntarily undertaken; influenced, as you have declared on oath, from a firm conviction that you had been called thereto by the Holy Ghost. All other offices sink before this into com-

parative insignificance, as all other kings shrink into nothing before *your* Lord and Master, who is King of kings, and Lord of lords.

While you are receiving the especial assistance of God's Holy Spirit to strengthen and direct you, you are receiving the appointed revenues of your several situations, to enable you to devote the whole of your time and attention to the promotion of God's glory, and the salvation of the souls of all those who are, in consequence of your office, committed to your more immediate care. Besides this, you are as lights set on a hill to direct all the wanderers around you, in the way that leadeth to life. In you every man has a property. To you he has a right to look, and on you to depend, for assistance in every spiritual difficulty. You are the shepherds appointed to protect the sheep, when they are in danger and flee unto you for safety from the enemy. You are the counsellors appointed at your own request, to instruct the ignorant, to reprove the perverse, to encourage the timid, to fix the wavering, and to enlighten every one. You are the captains of the Great Lord of Hosts, not only to fight his battles, but each to lead the soldiers under his immediate command, to the combat; to encourage them to fight, and to teach them to conquer; to animate the dejected, to reprove the cowardly, and to cheer the brave. You are to fear no danger in the service of *Him* who cannot be conquered, and

who never neglects to notice and to exalt all those who faithfully and fearlessly fight under his banners.

These are my ideas of the nature and importance of the sacred office, to the due fulfilment of which each of you has severally bound himself. This will account for my now solemnly calling upon you, both individually and collectively, to lend every assistance in your power, to purge this nation of a sin more heinous and more offensive in the sight of Him to whose service you are devoted, than perhaps any other national sin of which we have ever been guilty. What I allude to, is the exercise of that oppression so totally repugnant to Christianity, in keeping more than eight hundred thousand of our ignorant and helpless fellow-creatures in a state of undeserved suffering and degradation. Respecting the *sinfulness* of this practice in Christians, there is, I am persuaded, but one opinion among you, gentlemen. It is not only of itself a sin, but it is the fruitful parent of every other sin that can possibly be named. In almost every considerable community in the kingdom, there have been meetings held on this subject. At none of these meetings, so far as I know, has the *sinfulness* of the practice been denied. This, gentlemen, is the only point which I have been anxious at this time to establish. Having done this, I may confidently call on every one of you to use his utmost endeavours to procure the *immediate* abandonment of that which is opposed to

the glory of God, and to the salvation of the souls of men ; two objects, which you are bound, by the most solemn engagements, to promote to the very utmost of your power, though it should be to the endangering of your health, and of your temporal prosperity.

Faith, active faith, is the very essence of vital Christianity—we are not only to believe that God *is*, but also that *He* is a *rewarder* of all who diligently seek Him and obey Him ; not of those who only cry “ Lord ! Lord ! ” but of those who do his will, who do this not only when it seems to man to be easy and beneficial, but also when, so far as man can see, it will be productive of the utmost danger, if not of inevitable injury or destruction to themselves.

When God Almighty commanded his faithful servant, the patriarch Abraham, to take that son on whom all his earthly affection and hopes rested, and with his own hand not only to plunge the knife into his heart, but also to kindle the fire which was to consume, before his eyes, that bleeding body, on which, while living, he had perhaps often gazed, enraptured, with tears of gratitude to God ;—here was an act of obedience or test and exercise of faith required, that was to cost *something*. Had Abraham reasoned, and acted as we do, he would never have complied with this command. “ No,” he would have said, “ If I do this, I shall be putting it out of the power of God to fulfil his pro-

promises to me and my children. This sacrifice can neither be good for God, for myself, nor for my child. In any thing that appears to me to be just and reasonable, any thing that is clearly safe and beneficial, I will obey God to the utmost, but I must be allowed to make use of the understanding which God hath been pleased to give me." Now, did that faithful servant of his Lord say and act thus? No! When he knew God's will, he was convinced that he had nothing to do but to obey. The duty required of him was indeed extraordinary, and one beyond all example, all conception, painful. With all his earthly hopes blasted, doomed to be the murderer of his own son, of his *only* son, and this not by an instantaneous effort, which would speedily have been over, but he was required, during three days, to traverse, with that son, a solitary wilderness, with an ass laden with such things as would be necessary by the way, and for the sacrifice, and two young men to attend to it, to pitch their tents and prepare their food. Thus did the venerable father of the faithful cross the solitary wilds. He had full time to contemplate, and to shrink from, the soul-harrowing task. It is utterly impossible for the human imagination fully to conceive the feelings and mental sufferings of such a parent in such a situation. He had likewise those feelings to repress or to conceal. How often would he press the hand of that son whom he was

going to slay, with a degree of anguish which the child little conceived or suspected? And when he witnessed the youth, with all the hilarity of an innocent being, new to all the scenes and objects of wonder and beauty around them; new, indeed, to life, sporting delighted beside him, how would the agonizing parental feelings be increased? But when they drew near to the end of their journey, and when Abraham told the young men to remain where they were with the ass — when he had taken the wood which was to consume the body of his son, and had given it to the child himself to carry—when the affectionate father had in one hand taken the fire, and the knife in the other—who shall attempt to describe his feelings? But when they were thence proceeding alone, side by side, to the appointed place, and the unsuspecting innocent victim looked up with inquiring eyes, and naturally said, “ My father, behold the fire and the wood, *but where is the LAMB for a burnt-offering?* ”—nothing but a *faith* as strong as Abraham’s could have given strength to bear it, much less to maintain his purpose unshaken, and to reply with calmness, and with more literal truth than he was aware of, “ My son, God will provide himself a Lamb for a burnt-offering.”

If man, under any circumstances, any sufferings, any temptations, could be excusable in neglecting to obey God’s commands, Abraham might then

have been so. But had the weakness of human nature triumphed over his faith, what would have been the consequence? The displeasure of the Almighty, and that ruin of himself and his son, which he would in that case have foolishly sought to prevent by *human means*. Let it not be said, that Abraham had a distinct command from God himself to perform the appointed task. Abraham could not have a stronger command from God to sacrifice his son, than we have to refrain from all iniquity. Nay, if possible, we have a command still stronger; for ONE, infinitely greater than Abraham, has since sacrificed *his Son*, to call upon us for steadfast faith, and to enable us to be obedient even unto *death*. You are the ministers of this new and better covenant: to *you* will God look for a faithful discharge of the duty assigned you, not only of walking steadfastly yourselves in the right way, but of keeping all those committed to your charge, as much as in you lies, from wandering out of it. This *way* is that of faith and holy obedience. It will avail you nothing to plead in extenuation, that there was some danger in it—that there was a *lion* in the way. There were lions in the den into which the prophet Daniel submitted to be cast, rather than do wickedness; but yet God closed the mouths of these lions, so that they did not harm him. Is it not probable, that if the faith of the prophet had failed him, and he had obeyed man

rather than God, that he would never more have risen in favour with either ?

Much ought you, and all of us, to be thankful that the exercise of our faith is attended, in this instance, with little or no risk : but so flagrant and wicked as this practice is, if the forsaking of it appeared likely to endanger our property, our safety, nay, our very lives, you, as the organs and ministers of God, are bound to call upon us continually, loudly to call upon us, in season, and out of season, fearlessly to put away from us, without a moment's delay, that sin, which, if persisted in, must inevitably draw down upon us the just vengeance of an offended God.

Never is the pulpit disgraced by the judicious enforcement of humanity and righteousness : and as the cruelty of slavery is not more apparent than its wickedness, it ought to be denounced from every pulpit in the kingdom. No Christian minister will hesitate to condemn the man who determinedly perseveres in a flagrant course of sin, because the forsaking of it might possibly, or probably, affect the temporal interest of himself or others. If he did, the extortioner, the fornicator, the swindler, the robber, the liar, the false swearer, nay, even the murderer, might all plead almost certain injury or ruin from reformation. All might claim time, in order *gradually* to render their discontinuance of sin less injurious to their temporal interests.

Now, then, give me leave seriously to ask, how any of you can possibly justify to yourselves the petitioning of Parliament for the *gradual* abolition of slavery? *i. e.* in other words, for the continuance of slavery, *alias sin*; hereby, in fact, so far as in you lies, perpetuating the wickedness which you profess to deplore.

After what has been said, I should hope that there are not many of you who will plead either expediency or necessity. None of *you*, I should hope, would dare *so* to insult God. He will no more overlook your want of faith and confidence, than He would have overlooked Abraham's. He will no more fail to recompence *your* trust in Him, than He did Daniel's. You may say that *you* cannot *see* how immediate emancipation can possibly be effected with any thing like safety. Perhaps *you* cannot; nor is it necessary that you should. To effect it, is not your department. You know that it ought to be done; and you know that if God wills it, it can be done, not only without danger, but with the utmost safety, and even advantage. The Legislature must devise the means. *Your* duty and *our* duty is, respectfully to use all lawful ways to convince the Legislature of the necessity that exists for *so* abolishing slavery. In fact, this sin, like all others, calls upon every person implicated to assist, for their own advantage, to extirpate it. The parent state, the islands, the English traders, the West India pro-

prietors and planters, as well as the poor slaves—if they were permitted to see their true interest—would all simultaneously solicit you, with all their might, to lend your assistance to free them instantly from this accursed practice. But their hearts are hardened, because they neither fear God nor regard man as they ought to do. You, however, it is to be hoped, are not *so* hardened from perceiving and following that which is right. If you are, the day will come, when you shall be ranged with men of all nations, all ranks, all times, and all complexions, without respect of persons, before the awful judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive, for the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. There, it is possible, that some of you, with the negro and his enslaver, may then stand side by side. Then, we are told, that some will say, “Lord, have we not *taught* in thy name, and in *thy name* done many wonderful works;” to whom He will reply, “Depart from me, for I never knew you.” That which we shall then wish that we had done, is the thing that we now ought fearlessly to do. Let us all, therefore, join to do it; and we may then humbly hope to receive at that awful day, the joy-diffusing commendation of our Divine Judge, “Well done, good and faithful servant!”

APPENDIX.

THE NEGRO CORNELIUS.

[*From Holmes's History of the Brethren's Missions.*]

IN the year 1801, the mission of the Moravian Brethren in the Danish Island of St. Thomas, was deprived of one of the most intelligent and useful native assistants, who for more than fifty years had walked worthily of his calling by the Gospel, namely the Negro Cornelius. This man was in many respects distinguished among his countrymen, which will render the following brief sketch of his life peculiarly interesting:—

About the year 1750, he became concerned for the salvation of his soul, and felt a strong impulse to attend the preaching of the missionaries, and their private instructions. However, he could not at once forsake his heathenish customs. It happened once that he attended a merry-making of his countrymen. Even into this house of riot the good shepherd followed his poor straying sheep. Our late brother, Frederic Martin passing by, and being made attentive to the uproar, looked in at the door and immediately espied his scholar Cornelius. He beckoned to him to come out, and in a friendly, but serious and emphatic address, represented to him, that it was not becoming for one who had declared that he would give his heart to our Saviour, to attend such meetings as these. "Here," said the missionary, "the devil has his work, and you have assured me that you will not be his slave. But now I discover that your

heart is still in his power, for you love the vanities of the world, and the company of the children of disobedience, in whom he rules. It would, therefore, be better that you left off coming to our meetings and to the school." This offended him greatly, and he thought, "What is that to the white man, and what do I care for him?" However, his amusement was spoiled for that time; he went home much displeased, and resolved never more to visit the brethren, or attend their meetings. But his heart was not at rest, and his convictions grew so strong that he could not sleep at night. The address of the missionary sounded continually in his ears, and made so strong an impression upon him, that he altered his mind and visited him. Being received, not, as he feared, with displeasure, but with great cordiality, he was exceedingly affected, and with tears described the distress of his mind during the preceding days.

In 1749, he was baptized, and ever after remained faithful to the grace conferred upon him. He had an humbling and growing sense of the depravity of his heart, but also made daily progress in the knowledge and grace of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

God had blessed him with a good natural understanding. He had learned the business of a mason well, and had the appointment as master-mason to the royal buildings, in which employment he was esteemed by all who knew him, as a clever, upright, and disinterested man. He laid the foundation of each of the six chapels belonging to our mission in these islands. He was able to write and speak the Creole, Dutch, Danish, German, and English languages, which gave him a great advantage above the other negroes. Till 1767, he was a slave in the royal plantation, afterwards belonging to Count Schimmelman. He first purchased the freedom of his wife, and then laboured hard to gain his own liberty, which he effected after much entreaty and the payment of a considerable ransom. God blessed him and the work of his hands in such a manner, that he could also by degrees purchase the emancipation of his six children.

In 1754, he was appointed assistant in the mission. After his emancipation, he greatly exerted himself in the service of the Lord, especially among the people of his own colour, and spent whole days, and often whole nights, in visiting them on the different plantations.

He possessed a peculiar talent for expressing his ideas with great clearness, which rendered his discourses pleasing and edifying as well to white people as to negroes. Yet he was by no means elated by the talents he possessed. His character was that of an humble servant of Christ, who thought too meanly of himself to treat others with contempt. To distribute unto the indigent, and assist the feeble, was the delight of his heart, and they always found in him a generous and sympathizing friend and faithful adviser.

While thus zealously exerting himself in promoting the salvation of his countrymen, he did not neglect the concerns of his family. We have already seen how sedulously he cared for their temporal prosperity, in working hard to purchase their freedom. But he was more solicitous for the welfare of their souls. God blessed his instructions, and he had the joy of seeing his whole family share in the salvation of the Lord. Being found faithful, they were employed as assistants in the mission.

The infirmities of old age increasing upon him, he ardently longed to depart and be with Christ. A constant cough and pain in his side damped his great activity, caused occasional dejection of mind, and seemed at times to shake his faith and fortitude. He now and then complained of a declension of his love to the Lord Jesus; and once, while meditating on that text—"I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love," he exclaimed: "Ah! I too have left my first love!" A few days before his end, being visited by one of the missionaries, he said, "I ought to have done more, and loved and served my Saviour better. Yet I firmly trust that He will receive me in mercy, for I come to Him as a poor sinner, having nothing to plead but his grace, and righteousness through his blood." His children and several of his grandchildren having assembled round his bed, he addressed them in a very solemn and impressive manner to the following effect:—

"I rejoice exceedingly, my dearly beloved children, to see you once more together before my departure, for I believe that my Lord and Saviour will soon come and take your father home to himself. You know, dear children, what my chief concern has been respecting you, as long as I was with you; how frequently I have ex-

horted you not to neglect the day of grace, but to surrender yourselves with soul and body to your Redeemer, and to follow Him faithfully. Sometimes I have dealt strictly with you, in matters which I believed would bring harm to your souls, and grieve the Spirit of God, and I have exerted my parental authority to prevent mischief but it was all done out of love to you. However, it may have happened that I have sometimes been too severe. If this has been the case, I beg you, my dear children, to forgive me; O forgive your poor dying father!"

Here he was obliged to stop, most of the children weeping and sobbing aloud. At last one of his daughters recovered herself, and said, "We, dear father, *we* alone have cause to ask forgiveness, for we have often made your life heavy, and have been disobedient children." The rest joined in the same confession. The father then continued: "Well, my dear children, if all of you have forgiven me, then attend to my last wish and dying request. Love one another! Do not suffer any quarrels and disputes to arise among you after my decease. No, my children," raising his voice, "love one another cordially: Let each strive to shew proofs of love to his brother or sister; nor suffer yourselves to be tempted by any thing to become proud; for by that you may even miss of your soul's salvation, but pray our Saviour to grant you lowly minds and humble hearts. If you follow this advice of your father's, my joy will be complete, when I shall once see you all again in eternal bliss, and be able to say to our Saviour—Here, Lord, is thy poor unworthy Cornelius, and the children Thou hast given me. I am sure our Saviour will not forsake you; but, I beseech you, do not forsake *Him*." He fell gently asleep in Jesus, on the 29th of November, being, according to his own account, eighty-four years of age.

FINIS.

SHEFFIELD:

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